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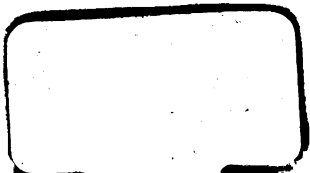
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The bad boy at home

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THE
BAD BOY AT HOME,

AND

**HIS EXPERIENCES IN TRYING TO BECOME
AN EDITOR.**

THE FUNNIEST BOOK OF THE AGE.

BY

WALTER T. GRAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE BAD BOY ABROAD," ETC., ETC.

NEW YORK:
J. S. OGILVIE & COMPANY,

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R. B. P.

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THE BAD BOY AT HOME.

CHAPTER I.

WHY HE CHEWSES A PERFESSHUN.—HYFALUTIN PROLOG, WITH SUM BARE POSSIBILLITIES.—PROSPECTUS OF THE "DAILY BUSTER."

MISTER DIRY :

I've been intendin', ever since I got home from Yourope, to begin ritin' in a diry, but I ain't had no time, cos my chum Jimmy and me has been puttin' in our days havin' fun. I've got to give all that sorter thing up now, cos I've accepted a persishun in a onherabel perfesshun, and wen I get to be a man, and reech the top rung of the ladder, I'm goin' to mak' New York howl.

Pa, he wanted me to go to skule, but I

W O R 19 FEB '36

culdn't see it a tall, cos a feller wot's alwus goin' to skule don't never kno nothin' but base-ballin' and prize fitin' wen 'he gets thru. All them fellers wot rite in dirys begin by usin a lot of hyfalutin wurds wot sound orful big but don't meen nothin; so I guess I'll be in the fashun, so here goes:

You're only a quire of "common noose" paper, Mr. Diry, so you needn't put on so menny airs over your cleen wite dress, wot only needs a morocker lether mantel and gilt braceletts to make you look like you b'longed to the Astor house dude.

We all know you was maid of rags, and them rags might once have bean in the mazey, lacey laberinth of wite linnin wot audashusly pressed 'gainst the tender form of Lillyan, the dudine.

If you warn't there you mite have ben all ablaze with chane stitches and crushed oniyun stripes, closely incircling a cupple of been-poles—no, not eggsactly been-poles, but the sharpley, shadderly lower

lims of Sarah Jane Burnhard, the actress wot got mashed on Dam-all-her.

Then, agen, you mite have ben on some infantile prospecktive Preserdent, but you didn't stay on him long, cos baby's and safety-pins maid you tired.

Enyway you've got a histery, cos them littel black spots on your rite bussum looks like they mite wunce hav ben part of Mrs. Dr. Walker's patent backackshun, maskuline, dress-reform trowsers, wot she sent to the paper-mill to get ground up inter paper to mak books for the enlitenin of the wimmin of our country.

How's that for high, Mr. Dirty? My muse come playguey neer running away with me, so I had to wistle "down brakes," and slow her up. Now I'll begin to record my doins on your pages, so that, shuld the toes of my boots be applide to the patent bucket early in my useful carreer, the hull wurd'll kno wot a treassure sociaty has lost. I ain't givin you eny biled lasses

candie, but don't you let your memmerizin orgins lose site of the fact that I, Georgie, the Bad Boy wot's ben to Yourope, ain't no slouch.

My pa sez I'm a geneyus. I guess he's 'bout rite, ony he orter sed I was a buddin' one, 'cos my hankerin' after a perfeshunal carrier has led me to axcept a posishun in the publick-opinyun-moldin' shop wots known as "the *Daily Buster*, Joe Gilley, edittur and proprietat-her. Subskripshun price, \$5 per yare. No trubbel to sine receipts. N. B.—Speshell arrangements with ex-Senater Satan enabels us to give our delinkent subskribers cheap excurshun rates to the Hot Sulfur Baths, via the Haydies Short Line, our fitin' edit-her corndocter. This paper is run on red-hot indypendant principels, in a spicey, sparklin' manher. In pollyticks our motto is: 'Onhest men, regardless of partie, candy-dates with barr'ls xcepted."

The above is the prospekktus of the

journalistick venture in wich I have embarked in the capacerty of typergraffickal devil. So now Mr. Diry, look out for the brakers.

CHAPTER II.

HIS FIRST INTERVUE.—WILL THEY BE CONSINED TO A PLACE THAT IS HOTTER THAN THIS.—A LABER-SAVIN' MASHEEN.—BEER, GASSERLIN AND PROHIBISHUN.

I've jest got my supper, so I guess I'll tell you 'bout my first day's xperience on the Dailey "Buster." I was down to the offis at 7 'clock, and the mannergin editur, he detaled me to intervue, the old papers and dust, on the floor. By the ade of a broom, wot was so old, it was most bald-hedded, I suckceeded in completely ridden the floor of its surplus stock of literature, and terbackhey balls, wot them printers spit out, wen they warnted to use

there mouths, to consine sum feller, wot rote orful to Hallyfax, or sum other mild climat.

I wunder if everybodie, wot them printers dam, goes to Hades, cos, if they do, and all printin' offisses is like ourn, I guess us fellers wont have much compenny in Heaven wen we get there. They all appare to have a pertickler spite 'gainst a Mister Copy, cos I hearn him bein' dammed, more an a hundred times to-day. I guess the poor feller ain't got no sho a tall.

I never seen the wurkins of a edithers sanktuary before. I useter wonder, how they rote all them long artickels wot everybodie sed show'd the grate geneyus of the edittur, but I never knowed till this mornin' bout the laber-savin' masheen, wot is maid of two peeces of steal, with sharp points on one end, and two rings on the other, wot slip over the editturs fingers. Wen he's got them on, he takes off his shoes and stockins, and waids inter a lot of old

noosepapers, clippin' out littel bits here and there, and pastin' 'em on a sheet of wite paper. The masheen wurked splendid, and Mister Gilley sez its a sure anty-dote agin skribler's parallysis, wot all great riters is trubbelled with.

Jest 'fore dinner the edit-her begun to get orful dry ritin' a artickel hedded, "Per-nisshus Pizen; or, Holesail Slaughter," caused by the adulterashun of beer with arsernic, so he sent me down to the bar-room next door to get him a bottle of beer on thirty days time. I'd jest got back to the sanktum, and was takin' out the cork, wen the Metherdist minnysteer cum in to arrange 'bout a big prohibishun rally wot comes off next week. He looked orful suspishus at the bottle, till the edit-her told me to take that bottel of gasserline, to the forman, and tell him to wash the forms with it, and be sure not to get it neer a lite, cos gasserline was orful 'xplosive.

I guess it got 'xploded cos, wen the

minnyster was gone, I went out to get it, and I culdn't even find a smell of it, so I had ter go round to the next block for another, cos the edittur's face wasn't good for morean one, in the same place, in one day.

Say, Mister Dirty, did you ever get a whiff of the smell, throne out by the paste-pot, in an edittur's offis, wot was 'stablished in '49? Cos, if you never did, you can't apreshiate how deliteful the consentrated 'xtract of half a dozen glew factorys would be, in comparyson. This afternoon the edit-her perlutely requested me to consine the contents of ours to their last restin' place in the ash-heep, in our back-yard. Menny a silent teer did I shed over the cold and clammy remanes of hundreds of cockroaches, whose young and usefull lives came to such a sad and untimely end, in there brave efforts to 'xplore the mystearious and fathemless depths of the "Bustard's" paste-pot.

I guess I muster forgot to wash my hands 'fore supper, cos pa's down in the sellar settin' a trap for a polecat, and ma she swares she's goin' to have a carpinter take up the 'dinin'-room flure tomorrer mornin', and hunt up the rat wot crawled under there and died.

CHAPTER III.

THE XCHANGE FYEND.—SHEECARGO ALL QUIETT.—
THE FYEND GOES ABROAD.—HIS GRATE SPERIT
APAILED.—THE BERRIED HOPES OF A RUMATIICK
POET.

OUR offis has got wot is called a xchange fyend wot comes in every mornin wen we get the male and looks over all the papers, cos he's too meen to buy his own readin matter. I know'd by the way the edittur looks at him, he'd like to kick him down 3 flites of steep steps, but I guess he borrowed

a dime from him, bout ten years ago, and he's 'frade he'll 'tach the offis furniture for it. I alwus like to help my 'mployers out a tite place, so, this mornin, I run 'cross a paper that was printed this day sevril yares ago, so I lade it down on the tabil where the Fyend'd strike it the first thing, and then I got orful busy dustin the book-case. Wen he cum in, he picked up the paper and looked down the hed-lines. I seen he was gettin orful xcited, then he snatched up his hat and segar stump, and run like he was chased by litenin. Purty soon, there was more an 5,000 peepel on the street in front of the offis, and the edittur got orful scared, cos he thought they was goin to run him outer town, on account of the big soshill scandell wot he published yesterday, so he sent me to the door to see wot they all wanted. Wen I got there the peepel was most crazy for noose from the Sheecargo fire. I told em to hold on and we'd hav out an xtra in a few minits, and then I

showed the edittur the paper wot the Fyend was reedin, wot gave a big account of the Sheecargo fire. Wen we got out our extra, we sold 'bout 10,000 coppies, with a artickel, wot red like this :

“The latest despaches from that city report Sheecargo all quiett, thanks to the forethort of the Mayor, in swarein in a large number of extra perlice, for service durin the sittin of the Youmorists Conven-shun, and the grate precaushuns taken by Common Counsil to see that no lickher was sold to delergates!” You bet there was a mad crowd, wen they found out there warnt no fire a tall in Sheecargo. The 'xchange fyend's gone to New Jersey, cos it'll have time to blow over, 'fore Congres can promulgait a xtrodishun treety, with that government.

This afternoon, I was appalled, my grate big spirit fell down into my shoes, like a lump of led. Alass how grate the breech is, tween the orthor, and the columns of a

noospaper, and how short the rode, wot leeds to the waist basket, espeschiolly the one, in a printin offis like the Daily "Buster," were the basket covers bout a square akre of flore. I was put to cleenin up the waste basket, so as we'd hav the paper reddy, for the junk man, wot calls round with his six horse teem of goverment muels, once a week. I coldn't help lingerin over the contents, and sying, wen I thought, of the hopes wot lied burried thare. There was one littel peece of poultry, rittin on a sheet of 'lectric blue paper, and sented with otto of roses, and indited to "My dare George." I wundèr if the poultryess ment me, wen she rote it, cos if she did, she struck it jest rite, for Ive got it stowed away, in my pants pocket next my hart.

There was a nother roll of manerskript, wot wayed a pound, and come by xpress, without bein paid. I guess the edittur was mad, wen he paid 50 sents charges,

and found out it warnt no berthday present. A note with it, red like this :

MY DARE EDITTUR BUSTER—The enclosed storie entitled "Dudish Dick, the Flirtin Corn-Doctor of Horse-car No. 36," is wurth \$500, but in complerment of the high standin of your valewbel jurnal, I will allow you to publish it for notthin, if you will send me papers containin it.

Yours trooly,

SAMMY LANE,
Author.

Wat unappreciatin beins editturs are!
Wen they wuld let a geneyus wot was capable of pennin the follerin lines go unrewarded :

A big politishun named Kelley,
Had a gripin pane in his belly.
He used St. Jacobs oil,
And now he's nussin a boil,
But his pane has left him by golly.

CHAPTER IV.

HE AIN'T NO TYPERGRAFFICKAL CYCLOPEEDA.—SERIUS
COMPLERCASHUNS, WITH A TEMPORY ABBERASHUN.
—A PRINTIN' OFFIS FEED.

I'M in a peck of troubel to-day, wot I'll have ter trust ter Providence to get me outer. A typergraffickal devil-ain't s'posed to know everything, enyway. Now the hull offis is mad at me, 'cos I ain't 'walk-in' cyclopeeda of typograffickal turm.

In the fust place, the foreman of the composin' room's mad, 'cos wen he tole me to fech him a long stick, I went down street and hunted round till I struck a house wot was bein plasturd, and brot him back a good lath. Wen I giv it to him I thot there was a erupshun from a volcano, the way he swared at me. He sed he'd a noshun to brake it over my back, for not havin cents enuff to kno that he bot his fire wood by the cord. Y didn't he

tell me in the fust place he wanted that thing wot printers use to set type in.

Now the casheer's on his ear, cos he sent me out ter buy a wooden galley. I know'd very well I couldn't make no mistake there, cos I'm posted on ship's kichens, so I arst him how big a one he wanted. He sed medeyum, so I went up to Johnny Roache's ship-yard and had them send a galley down to the offis, wot would be big enuf for a good sized skooner. You orter seen the casheer's face, wen the six-horse teem stopped in frunt of the dore. The driver was goin to leeve the galley enyway, but the Casheer pade him to hawl it back, and rote Mr. Roache that there boy was laberin under a slite abberashun of the mind wen he ordered it. But I think its his mind wots got the abberashuns instead, from sittin up so late with the red-hedded grass widder wot keeps the bordin house crost the street from our house. If it hadn't, y didn't he tell me he warnted a

galley for keepin type in, wen the composin stick's full. Fellers like him orter be put on ice, cos there too fresh to keep long. He only needs a tale to be a thoro-bred dude, cos he's got everything else wot b'longs to one.

On my way home, at noon, I stopped to see a feller wot was sellin prize packits, at the corner of Nassau street, so I didn't get time to ete much dinner. I was gettin orful hungry bout 4 'clock, wen the edittur arst me if I thot I culd clere up the pie wot was on the imposin ston. I didn't warnt to let him see I was so orful hungry, so I told him I didn't kno. "Well," sed he, "there's nothin like tryin ; the foreman'll sho you wear it is." I couldn't keep back my grattyfycashun, so I thanked him three or four times. You bet I was mad, wen I fownd out there warnt no cherry or mince pie, not even dryed appel, but only a lot of type wot had got mixed up. I think its reel mene to make a littel boy

like me think hes goin to get a big feed, and then not give him enything but a lot of led wot nobodie else wuld try to ete.

You orter see our imposin stone; it must be orful valewble. Its a grate flat peece of marbel, tattooed, all over, with funny hyroglofficks. I guess its one of the old toombstones wot come from anshunt Troy. Its a wunder the edittur dont sell it to the Smithsoyun institute, sted of using it for layin forms on, its so orful imposin.

CHAPTER No. V.

A VISIT FROM A DISTINGUSHED ANTY-MONOPERLIST
TYPERGRAFFICAL TOREWRIST.—HE EXPOSES A
MURDERUS CONSPIRACY.—A THRETEND RESIGNA-
SHUN.

THIS mornin our offis was onhered by a visit from a typergraffical torewrist, wot interduced hissself as John McNamee. He

sed he'd just returned from a xtensive visit in the Western States, ware he'd been for sum time, for the benefit of his health. He is one of the most distinguished members of the perlitikel partis, called Anti-Monopolists. I admire a man wot praktices wot he preaches. Now, this Mr. McNamee has never been known to contribute a cent to surportin our grate ralerode monoperlists, altho he has travilled all over the United States by rale. Beside that, he wouldn't axcept any accommodashuns short of a green-line sleeper. Wen I arst him y he didn't ware his gold watch-chain and silk hat, like all other pollytishuns, he sed his partie was endeavourin to freeze out the big clothin monopolies by wearin their cloes till they fell off. I notissed his bussum swellin with pride, as he spoke of the fruits there labor had brot forth in the fail-yure of so menney grate clothin furms.

He condersended to thro in sum type, and wen he got thru, him and a cuppel of

our printers adjurned down stares to partake of a shampayne lunch. I guess he warn't used to drinkin lite wines, cos he's been sleepin under the paper-cutter all the afternoon, dreemin that he was bein nominated for Preserdent on the great anty-monoperlist ticket. Jest before dinner the edittur told me to tell the make-up man to kill Lawrence Rickard. Now, his store is ware my pa buys all his groseries, and his wife and ma's orful good chums, and b'long to the same sewin' sircle. Mr. Rickard alwus treeted me rite, and I didn't like to see a cupple of bludthursty villanes kill him without givin' him tim to say his prayers, so I called inter his store and told him he'd better skip out or lay lo, cos the edittur was orful mad at him, and had ordered a nuther feller to kill him. He sed he'd fix 'em. So rite after dinner a cupple of perlice cum up to the offis and arrested Mr. Gilley and the make-up man for conspiracy to murder, and they had to xplane it, and pay all the costs.

I took a littel vacashun this afternoon, and went out fishin', cos I remembured wot pa says after he's kissed ma by teler-fone, "Distance lends enchantment to the vue." So I thot them two bad men wuld be more enchanted with me if I kep at a safe distance. I'm orful frade my jornul-istick carriere's goin' to be broken off short, but I don't think they orter blamed me, cos the edittur shuld'er told me to tell the make-up man to take out that local notis wot red: "Fresh vegetabels and grene truck received daily, at L. I. Rickard's Grocerie," insted of makin' me tell him to kill Mr. Rickard. Well, if I can't be a jornulist and make a fortune, I' kno wot I can be. I'll go to the offis in the mornin', and if there's eny music in the air, I'll resine and berry my hopes. Then I'll leese Dennis Ryan's old blind muel, wot's too week to kik, and go to peddlin' fish. The *Buster* will bust 'fore they make enything outer this chickin; ain't that so, Mister Dirty?

CHAPTER No. VI.

THE CLOWD SHEW'S ITS SILVER LININ', AND GEORGIE DOES HISSELF PROUD.—THE RED-HEADED OLD SNOOZER QUAKES BEFORE THE DEVIL.—HE'S GOT THE GALL.

TO-DAY has ben a glorius day for me, cos it seems like I'd done sumthin wot was a onher to the perfesshun.

Wen I went down to the offis I felt like my resignashun wuld be axceptabel, cos my servises could easily be dispensed with. I left the door opin wen I went in so as I'd have a avenew of 'scape in case a mine 'xploded. Jest as I got in the press-room I hearn a muffled voice say: "Georgie, my boy, is that you?" I answered: "Yes, sir." Then I seen the edittur reclinin' in a recumbent posishun, under the big sillinder press, lookin' whither 'an a sheet, and tremblin' like he'd seen his grandpa's gost. I arst him wot was the matter, and he sez:

“Georgie, there’s a man in the offis wot I sed was a red-hedded old snoozer wot ort to be run outer town. Tell him I’ve gone to Coney Ileland to fite a duhell with Sullivan, or say I’m out takin’ my mornin’ pistil practise. Tell him enything, only get schutt of him.”

I sez: “You becher life, I’ll fix him.” So I went inter the sanktuary, like I own’d the hull bisness, and I seen his onther walk-in’ up and down, swarin’ to hisself, like he was repeetin’ the responce in the ’Piscopal church.

Soon as he cot site of me, he sez :

“Young man, where am that red-hedded, shaller-braned, lantern-jawd, squint-eyed, crooked-knoes son of a ded beet? Show me him till I pulverise him so fine that his remanes wouldn’t bring 5 cents if you was to sell em for pure superfosfated binary bone.”

“Wot did you remark?” sez I.

“Show me the insignificant littel puppy

wot sed I was a red-hedded old snoozer," sed he.

"Oh ! you wish ter see the edittur. I'll call him," sez I.



"TELL THE FITIN EDITTUR THAT THERE'S A GENTLEMAN,
DOWN IN THE OFFIS, WANTS TO INTERVUE HIM."

Then I went to the speakin tube wot goes up inter the composin - room, and sung out orful loud :

"Tell the fitin edittur that there's a gentleman, down in the offis, wants to intervüe him. Tell him he'd better lode up his dubble-barrl'd, breech-lodin blunderbuss with dannymite cartrag cos the gentleman prefers a heeted argume."

Then I turned round and told t**he** man that the edittur 'd be down in a minnit.

He cooled rite off and sed :

"Thank you, my boy ; there's no hurry ; I guess you'll do jest as well. I only called to pay for your valuabel paper. Tell the edittur my hole family culdn't get along without it ; even the baby lays awake all nite cryin' for it."

And then he handed me a \$10 bill and didn't wate for no change, for he ony had a cuppel uv minnits to cach a trane in. Mr. Gilley was listenin' to the hull conversashun, an', wen the coast was cleer, he come out from his hidin' place and patted me on the back and sez :

"Georgie, you're a brick ; you're goin'

to be a onher to your perfeshun. Sum day you'll be a *Pulsitter*, cos you've got the gall of a *Sun* reporter."

I wonder if *Sun* reporters swet much, cos I never goi galld 'less it was in summer wen pal maid me play the fiddel with the o. buck saw, gettin' the wood reddy for winter. I guess I must be a hero, cos the sportin' edittur, wen he hurd wot I did, took me to the fotograf gallary, and had my pictur taken, so as he culd pass me off for the new English prize fiter, wot he's trainin', so as he can lick Sullivan.

CHAPTER No. VII.

HE INTERVUES ELI PERKINS AND GETS SUM POINTS ON JURNERLISTIC EGGSAGGERASHUN, PREVARICASHUN AND MAGNIFYCASHUN.—Y PULLMAN STOK IS GOIN UP.

WEN I was 'round to the hotels, this mornin' gettin the arrivals, I seen sumthin

on the regester of the Grand Pacific wot look'd like a cuppel of spiders had ben fitin and got there legs in the ink bottel and crawled over bout a dozen lines. I arst the clerk wot it ment. He culdnt say til he seen wot number the wot-is-it had. After lookin over his leger he found that No. 36 stood for Eli Perkins and a grate big bord bill.

I've hurd it sed that it showed enterprise for a noosepaper man to intervue distinguished guests, so I thot it'd do purty neer as well to intervue a distinguished liar. So I got the clerk to sho me up to Mr. Perkin's room.

It feel like I'd got up a rung or two on the ladder alreddy, cos the edither thot my peece wot I rote bout the intervue was good, and its goin to be put in to-morrer mornins paper. I rite it down in your pages, Mister Diry, so as I can look at it wen my hart grows weery strugglin for fame and wriches :

“After xchangin good mornins, the *Buster* reporter sed :

“ ‘ Mr. Perkins, youre one of the biggest liars in America, aint you ? ’

“ ‘ Who sed I was one of ’em, yung man ? ’ sed he, gettin mad, and comin over to were I was sittin, like he was goin to formally interduce his patent lether pumps to the paches wot I sit down on. ‘ Who sed so? Name him instanly, and I’ll brand him as an infamous liar. Me, one of the biggest liars in America. It’s mene, to, contemtabel. To think that I shuld hav toiled a life to stablish a reputashun, only to be classed as one of the biggest liars of America. No, young man, you’re rong. I am the grate I am liar of the unyverse.’

“ By this time our reprysentative was feelin like he’d mistakin his callin, but musterin up courage, he sed :

“ ‘ Mr. Perkins, I’m a yung aspyrant for jurnalistic onhers. Can you give sum

points on the bizness, wot I culd use to advantage?’

“ ‘Yes, my son, you becher bottom dollar, I can. Alwus bear in mind that the three furst principels of moddern jurnalism is Prevaricashun, Eggsaggeration, and Magnifycashun. For instance: If Tallmage, in his sermin, sez he b’lieves there’s a hell, you want to be sure to rite it up thusly: “Rev. Tallmage, havin just returned from a short visit, held his hearers spellbound for a hour, yesterday morning, by his grand and vivid discripshun of the mildness of the climat of a salubrious summer resort.” This wuld be a excellent illustrashun of Prevaricashun.

“ ‘Eggsaggershun would be like this: If a candydate of the oppersishun treats a fellow to a glass of beer, you wanten say: The barrel’s ben tapped, and fabulous sums are bein expended to infloence voters, and never forget to hed the artickel Fraud, Corrupshun, and Forgerry.

“ ‘ If a six-pound baby comes to one of your subskribers, you warnter size the farther up, and if he’s good for twenty-five segars the babys got ter be twelve pounds. If he’s good for fifty make it eighteen pounds, and if he sends round a hole box, with the notis, the baby’s got to turn into twins. This wuld be a case of magnifycashun. It shos jurnerlistick enterprise. Y, I’ve known cases where a puny 8-pound boy got to be bouncin triplets, mother and babies doin’ well, all cos their papa had cents enuf to send sum whiskey ’long with the segars. Those are the principel points to bare in mind, and if you follow em up rite, you’ll become a grate and good jurnerlist. If you ever run short of sensashuns, get on the track of the “mercury” liar and foller him up, till you strike his mine of valuabel infermashun.’

“ ‘ How long are you goin’ to be in the city, Mr. Perkins?’

“ ‘Only a few days. I’m here fixin’ up my fenses, and puttin’ in a bid for the nommenashun for the Preserdency. I’m orful anxysus to run agin’ Ben Butler.’

“ ‘Is there enything else startlin’ that you know, Mr. Perkins?’ queried our reprintsentativ.

“ ‘Yes, but you musn’t give it away, cos I’m short on Pullman stok. Do you see this?’ said he, holdin’ up a peece of cotton, ’bout six inches square. ‘Well I come down from Albanie on a sleeper last nite, and this morning I mistook one of the sheets for my hankerchef, and this thing is the sheet, but don’t menshun it, cos it’ll make the stok jump a foot.’

“ ‘Good mornin’, Mr. Perkins, wenever I run short of lies I’ll call agen.’ ”

CHAPTER No. VIII.

A CONVENSHUN OF THE DUDE DEMMERCRAZEY,—A COUNTRY DELEGAIT.—THE EDITHER GETS NOM-MERNATED FOR GOVERNOR, AND GEORGIE SMOKES A \$15,000 SEGAR.

THERE'S something to pay to-day, is wot the edither sed to the casheer tonite, wen I walked up to the desk for my \$2 in munney and a bushell of gloryfycashun.

Yes, it was to pay all day in town, cos there was a convenshun of the Dude Demmercraze in the Grand Opera House, and the candydates had all the salloons leesed, and war busy servin out free whisky, like they've got in O-i-o.

Mr. Diry, did you ever see a full-bludded Demmercraze delegait from a country village? Well, jist immagin a tall, leen, lank indyvidoal, with long hare, slouch hat, a knoes wot looked like it'd been in collishun with a elderberrie pie, and a sute of cloes wot was bort wen old Father Adam's ward-

rope of fig leeves was sold out by the Sher-ruf of Eden county. That is a kyrect pickter of them fellers whose hands is ichin to grab hold of the desternies and post-offisses of Amerika, and if you'll take my advise you won't make no closer investigashun, lesn you've got munney nuff to spare to set em up.

The aldermen of the city passed a resur-lushun closin up the front dores of the s'loons, cos they was frade if they was left open sumthin mite happin wot would hurt the reputashun of the partie in the common hurd wot do the votin. But then the delergates didn't mind circumventin a bildin, as long as they got a chanse, to circumvent sum hot stuf wen they got inside.

After dinner, the Convenshun was called to order, and the boss carpenter naled a lot of old seccund hand planks togethur, wot they called a platform. Then the onherabel members, got orful full of 'nthusiasm, cos

the nommernashun for Guvner, was in order, jest then my chum jimmy, wots workin for the Districk Telergraf Compenny come in, and handed the Cheerman a despach, wot he red out loud. It sed :

Nommernate Joe Gilley, for Guvner, and I'll
tap a barr'l, SAMMY TILTON.

The thots of the barr'l was too much for the assemblled multertude of the grate unwashed, and ther was quietness in the Hall, wile vishuns of wiskey baths, free lunch stands, and clene paper collars, past befor thir eyes. Then ther was a loud cheir, and Joe Gilley was nommernated by acclamashun. The rest of the ticket was put on the slate, by order of John Kelley, and the delergates adjourned to the *Buster* offis, were the temperance edittur regaled em, with a demmyjohn of Appel Jack, wot the committee giv him sted of cash, last time he lectured, on Proherbishun, in Hobokin.

Wen the croud was cleered, Mr. Gilley arst me if I know'd the boy wot brung the note. I told him he was my chum, and I'd rote the despach for fun.

Then he shook hands with me, and sed I was smarter 'an chane litenin', and I'd get to be Preserdent sum day, cos I beet all the pollytishuns he ever know'd at wire-pullin'. Then he thanked me, and give me a cuppel of segars, one for Jimmy and one for me, to call it square. We're goin' to save 'em til to-morrer after dinner, cos it tain't offen boys, like us, get a chance to smoke \$15,000 dollar segars, and these muster cost that, cos the evenin' papers says Mr. Gilley paid \$30,000 for the nom-mernashun.

He's ben most everything but a demmy-cratt, but he says he guesses he can stummick there docktrins 'til he gets to Albany.

CHAPTER No. IX.

THE REPORTER INTERVUES A PULITICKEL GOST.—
ROS CONKLIN GIVES HIM SUM PRESERDENSHELL
POINTERS, AND VANISHES WITH HIS BOTTEL.

YESTERDAY was Sunday, so I didn't mak no entry, cos the corpse hadn't climaxed.

Jest as we was leavin the offis Saturday nite I heerd the city editur tell the purlitickal repertorial liar that he wanted him to hunt up a purlitickal gost, cos the *Buster* culdn't afford to let a little one-horsed, two-for-a-cent daily, like the *Times*, have the monopolie of the etheriel spirit act, not by a numerous long site. Bout 10 'clock in the evenin I saw the reporter passin our house, on his way to Trinity churchyard, so I run up stairs and borrered one of ma's nite gownds and nite caps, wot she wares wen she's 'mbracin morfeeus. Then I tuk a short-cut down to the seminary. I'd jest got there, and was puttin the last touches to my gostley toilet, wen I seen the report-

er comin in the gate. Wen he got purty neer up to were I was I cofferd sort o' loud and unearthy like. Well, you'd dide to see him drop his note book and get a fit of Hodeley's shakin malaria. He was jest recoverin and gettin ready to vacate the premises wen I immertated the voice of the feller wot says the long prayers at Oshun grove camp meetin, and sez :

"Young mortel noosepaper man, what warntedst thou, encroachin on the peece and quiet of our last restin place, with thy terrestriel note book?"

"In the name of John Kelley, the omnippetent boss of the New York Demercrazey, who are you? Speak!" said the reporter.

"Sinse you command me in the name of one of the gods, I will speak. See this brilllyant plumage," sed I, placin my hand where I sit down, "now covered from earthly vue. I am Stalwart Conklin, the stallwart of the Rerpublikan partie, doom-

ed for a sertain time (till '84) to strut around on the confines of the perlitickel arena, attended by my humbel page Metoo."

"Ros, old boy, shake!" sed the reporter, puttin out his hand and givia mine a urtherly pull, soon as he found out he warnt talkin to no angel. "Who's goin to be the coming President?"

"Lissen, and I'll unfold a tail. See yonder rooster, all bedecked in gold?" sed I, pointin to the wether vein on top of the *Tribune* bildin. "Well, put your hand to it, and you'll behold the man wot my infloence is going to carry to the Wite House. If you've got eny spare change, put her up on Winnyfield Skot Hancock, and count Mr. Conklin in Secretarry of State, but don't yer never giv it away, cos I'm playin' a dubbel game. Give us a suck of your bottel, and I'll hie myself thitherward for my nitely game of pennie anty with Genral Grant, who alreddy is awaitin' me behind yonder cloud of Havannah smoke."

“Hold on, Ros, leve us a smell,” sed the reporter, as I shoved the bottel in my pistil pocket, and disserpeered behind a toombstun.

This mornin’ the intervue come out in the *Buster*, and the hull corpse of noosgathururs of the other papers is detaled in divishuns to wach all the semerneries in the hope of interviewin’ the gost of James G. Blame, and the demmercrazey is wilder with inthusiasm than they was after Fouracres got drownded in whiskey out in Oio.

CHAPTER X.

HE REPORTS A XERDENT WOT HAPPENED TO J. GOULD AND SETS ALL NEW YORK WILD.—XCITEMENT IN WALL STREET.—JIMMY NERVOUS.—YOU CAN TELL THEM BY THE COMPANY THEY KEEPS.

I NEVER could see y peepel with good cents don’t xercise a little jugement wen

they name their baby's, so as fellus like me, wot is a young aspyrant for jurnerlistic ornhers, wouldn't git mixed up on 'em.

Now the citie edittur told me if I ever hurd of any dog fites, or axydents, to report 'em, cos it'd keep me in practise. So this mornin, bout 3 o'clock, we was woke up by a orfull loud poundin on the front dore. Pa thot it was burglars, jest as if they'd nock at the dore if they wanted to cum in and steel. So ma had to go to the winder, and she found out it was Mrs. Gould, that's my chum, Jimmie's mother. She was cryin orful, and wanted ma to come over to her house, cos Jimmy had got the nitemare from etin too much minsepie, and fell outer bed, and she was frade he'd brok his kneck, cos he hadn't spok a wurd sinse. I seen I had a chanse to distinguish myself, so I put on my cloes and run down to the offis. Oll the editturs and reporthers had gone to bed, cos the paper was jest goin to press, so I told the fore-

man all bout the axerdent wot happinned to J. Gould. He got orful xcited, and sed I orter be promoted, cos it was a splendid item, and we'd be the only paper wot would hav it, and then he got the paper reddy for 50,000 extra coppies.

Wen I went down town after brakefast I never seed such xcitement ; hundreds of peeple was at every street corner reedin' the *Buster* and discussin' probubillytees of a panic. The noose-boys was coinin' money sellin' our paper, singin' out " All 'bout the axerdent," and showin' the peeple the *Buster's* hedlines, wot red : " Terribel Calamyty ! J. Gould, the Ralerode King, Falls Outer Bed and Sustains Fatul Injuries."

The managers of the other noosepapers was orful mad, and maid all the citie reporters hand in their resignashuns, cos they wasn't smart enuf to cach the item.

Down in Wall strete there was a reglar pannick. The Beers was jest as happy as

they culd be, and most all of 'em maid there fortunes before dinner, cos all the stock went down like led. Jest wen a lot of the bulls was goin' to bust up and pay ther creditturs 5 cents on the dollar, who should walk inter the Xchange but J. Gould himself. You never seen such a surprised crowd enyw'ere; they all thot it was his gost till he 'xplayned that it warn't him wot fell outer bed a tall. He sed he know'd he was purty late gettin' down town, but they must 'xcuse him, cos he was kep up purty late, calkin' up a cask of "Western Union Water" wot sprung a leak.

The 'xcitement's beginnin' to ware off now, but you bet the *Buster's* got a big lot of free advertisin', and Mr. Gilley warn't a bit mad, wen I 'xplained how it all happened, cos the Wall strete beers is goin' to s'port him for Guv'ner, cos the *Buster's* made 'em all wrich.

Jimmie's allrite agin; he was only stun-

ned, and he got out of bed in time to get down to the telegraf offis. I feel orful proud of my chum now. I never know'd how much he was valewd before. You see now, Mr. Dirty, wot a boy makes of hisself when he 'sociates with a risin' yung jurnerlist, like yours trooly,

GEORGIE.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE ROLE OF DRAMATICK CRITTIK.—“HOSIERY HENRYETTUR, OR A BOOM IN FANCY GOODS.”—THE HAPPY DENEWMENT.

I DIDN'T write nothin in you last nite, Mr. Dirty, cos me and Maria—that's my gal—was takin in the furst nite at the theatur.

Jest wen I was leevin the offis the editur called me aside and arst me if I thot I was capabel to report the furst performance of “Hosiery Henryettur, or A Boom

in Fancy Goods," cos the dramattick editur had gone and got mashed on the latest perfesshunal buty from Cleveland, and warn't fit for duty.

I sez : " You becher sweet neck, I can."

So he give me a cupple of "comps" and a led nickle for to buy candie and peenuts with. Wen I got home I drest up in my Sunday-skule cloes, and went round and wated wile my gal was puttin on her bandyline and rubbin her face with a red sawcer wot she sez she uses for newralgy.

You bet, this devil felt proud, promer-inardin his gal down the ile to the front orchestrey chares, wots reserved for us rep-rysentatives of the metrypollyton press.

I got out my note-book and pencil, and me and Maria ete candie, talked sweet, and wated developments.

I'll pass over the prolog, and giv you the report jest as it was printed in this mornin's *Buster* :

"Last evenin, the curtin, in Niblo's

theattur, rose to a large, appreshiativ, and bald-hedded audiense wot sit in the orkerstry cheers. The play wot come on the staige for the furst time in 'Merica was 'ntitled 'Hosiery Henryettur, or A Boom in Fancy Goods.' The plot was novel, romantik, and excrushiatingly interestin. The principal charackters is Henryettur, a assthetick young ladie, dorter of a Fillydelphy lawyer, and Augustus Angerlinus Fizzlesprung, a dude, wot wares a eye glass and carries a gold plaited kane, wot he chews sted of terbackky, cos his nerves is week. Henryettur is orful sick 'bout Gussy, and wuld giv her lock of Horsecar Wild's hare, wot she carrys in her bussum, if Gussy would ony tumbel and marry her. But Gussy wouldn't tumbel if the hull of Broadway'd fall on him, cos he's mashed on a lot of dudines wot do the balleyin act in the academme. The furst act was very utter, in fact too utterly utter for utteranse. The scenery was grandly sublime, bein a

combynashun of sunflours and Baltymore oysters, wot are sed to be very assthetick. The seccond scene is more commonplase, cos it reprysents a green room of a theatur with the artists sittin round a tabel, makin a supper off of Boston baked beens and shampain sawse. Gussy 'pares in the background and givs the gals \$5 to danse a bally for his own speshell benerfit. Then they all cam to the front of the staige.

We guess they b'long to the femail econymist persuashun, cos they all 'pared to be very eccornomical in goods wen they maid there skurts, or else they got there dresses wet, cos they've shrunk way up 'bove their nees, and way down b'low there necks.

The clerk wot sold 'em there stockins must of warrented them to wash, cos there all colors, and there bout the only part of there cloes wots anyways long. The dan-cin' part of the performanse didn't 'pare to be much appreshyated by the older porshun of the audiense, cos they shaded their

eyes with their opera glasses and blushed on the top of there heds, were there hare used to grow. The gals then go thru a lot of moshuns, dansin the racket, and Gussy sets 'em up.

"The furst scene of Act III. is in Henryettur's privat boodywar. She walks round, holdin a big sunflower in her hand, and calls it to witness that if her dare Gussy don't make up his mind purty soon to marry her, the tender thred wot holds her to this mundain spere will soon cum to a too utterly utter, suddint round turn. Then she whispers sumthin to herself, and jumps bout a foot, and xclaims, in a anty-assthetik voice: 'I will do it! By the misterious hare, hidden in the opake depths of 10-cent-a-plate ice-creme, I will do it!'

"The scene then changes to a rehursal in the theattur, with Gussy looking at the balley. All on a suddint a gal comes dancin out on tip-toes and movin her hands round like she was playin' skippin'-the-

rope. Her close is purty, ony they're a good deal more shrunken than wot the other gals had on, and her lower xtremeties look like she was smugglin' cotton from New Orleans. Gussy then gets mashed on her rite away, and she don't 'pare to mind it a bit, cos she sot rite down on his knee, and they begun a-talkin' awful soft. Purty soon she jumped 'bout six feet, wen Gussy shoved a pin inter her stockins. Then he reckernized her as Henryettur, and the balley bring on the happy denewment act, by balleyin' round wile Gussy and Henryettur 'mbrace and kiss each other, and the property man lifts up his hands and sez :

“Henryettur, you had better
Go put on your cloesietter,
Cos you are too utter utter,
Drest all in your hosieryetter ;
Gussy, you must let her, let her,
And I'm sure you'll like her better
Wen you've settur, settur, settur,
And we've drunk to your dudetter.”

CHAPTER XII.

A OLD BILL.—THE EDITTUR GETS A FORTUNE FROM OSSTRAILYER. — SAMANTHY LONGTUNG AS THE BLUSHING BRIDE EXPECTENT.—THE END JESTER-FIES THE MEENS.

THE edittur was lookin outer the winder this mornin, wen, who should he spie cummin up the offis steps, but Miss Samanthy Longtung, that's my Sundy skule teecher, wots sweet forty and aint never had a mash. He sed, he guessed he'd better not be to home, so I'd hav to stand her off, cos she'd cum to collect the quarter, wot he'd forgot to pay, wen he eat that plate of injy-rubber oyster supe at the church festival, bout a yere ago.

Wen Miss Longtung cum in, she reckernized me, and congratulated me on enterin such a onherabel perfesshun. Then she kissed me rite on the mouth, and sed, she wished I was growd up to be a big man. Then she asst me if Mr. Gilley was

in, and wen I told her "no," she sed she was orful sorry, cos she'd cum to collect a littel bill, wot she's gone responsibel for, and wot was purty neer dew.

I told her I was sure Mr. Gilley would be orful sorry, wen he cum back and found she'd ben to see him, cos I'd hurd him say, he thot she was the purtist yung ladie, he knowd, n town, and of all wimmin, she was the one he'd hav, wen he got a wife.

She sez, "Do tell, Georgie," and then she kissed and hugged me, all over, and asst me how long the edittur would be gone.

I seen she was warntin to kno too much & wuldnt stan off wuth a cent. So I told her that Mr. Gilley wuldnt get back til nite, cos he was up to his turney's, arrangin bout gettin the big fortune wot his uncle, wot dide in Osstrailyer, had left to him.

"The poor dare man," sez she; "didnt I alwus tell them yung snips of gurls at sewin circles that Mr. Gilley'd be welthy

sum day. I guess they won't turn up their knoeses and call me a dride up old made, when Samanthy Longtung turns inter Samanthy Gilley. I alwus knowd I'd be married fore I got outer my teens, and to think my darlin Joe was too onherable and bashful to ask my hand fore he got his fortune. But I spose he was frade I wuldnt giv this poor hart to a poor man, wen so menney welthy suters wus round." Then she hugged me agin, & told me to tell Mr. Gilley never to mind bout that quarter, cos she'd advance it outer her own pocket. Seein she was so orful kind, I told her all bout the fortune; how Mr. Gilley's uncle was sent out ter rustercate in Bottany Bey by the British Guvment, but the barmy breezes of the bey didnt agree with his constetushun, so he resined and took a boat for a nuther ileland, & wen he got there he borrued sum sheep from a farmer, & them sheep got marreed, & then there was a lot of littel sheep, wen they

growd up and got married, and kep the ball rollin' even to the 3d & 4th genera-shun, wen the old man dide. And now Mr. Gilley was goin to hav them aucshunned off, & he thot he'd get bout half a mill-yun for em. Then I show'd her the plans of the Grammercy Park palace, wot the perlitical edittur is keepin for refrence, in case he's called on to boom Mr. Tilden for Preserdent, and told her them was the plans of the reserdense wot Mr. Gilley was goin to hav bilt to take his blushin bride too, after they got back from a Yuropeean hunney-moon. Then I maid her promis faithfully that she wouldnt tell a sole bout the fortunè & manshun, cos the Edittur of the *Buster* was the maudetest man in New York city.

The Jesuites used to say that "The end alwus justerfies the meens." Sum of the old Rode Ileland Purytans may say I'm a liar, but I don't agree with em, cos I've maid too peepel happy. Samanthy Long-

tung is radiant, cos she walked up the strete like she was tredin on air. And Mr. Gilley acts like he'd unloded a hull team full of pig led offen his mind, cos he knoes Samanthy'll have the noose of the fortune all over town 'fore nite, and then he'll be abel to stave off his bills, and run his cheek for wotever he warnts, for a hull yare to cum. He told me, wen I was cummin home, that I was a born diplermatist, & ort to hire myself out to King Alfonso, of Spain, in case he'd get insulted agin.

CHAPTER XIII.

TRAVERLIN IN STILE. — GRAND RECEPSHUNS AND
BABY KISSIN MATTYNAYS. — MISTAKEN FOR HIS
AXERDENSY. — A DEDLEY STATE.

6 P. M., TROY, N. Y.

MR. DIRY :

You will notis by the above address,
that you and me are away from home

to-nite, and I spose you orter have sum xplenashun of our doins. Well, wen I got down to the offis this mornin, Mr. Gilley told me to go rite home and put on my Sunday cloes, and be reddy to start for Troy on the leven clock trane, cos we was goin to opin up the campane there, and he wanted me to carry his sachell, wot had a demmy-John in. Wen I got back, Gilley was orful busy with a old pall-bearer of the Demmercratick corpse, from Shodack, fixin the rate per caperta wot was to be bid for votes.

Wen we got to the depot, Vanderbuilt had had one of his spells, and had been sendin the publick to Haydies, so he wuldn't let the trane wate ten minnits for a guvmentel candydate. Mr. Gilley was in an orful way bout gettin left, cos he had to be at Troy to-nite, and there warnt no other trane wot would get us there, so he pade a feerful big pile of munney for a speshell. President Arthur, and a lot of

other Republercan dudes was goin to start for Bufflo on a fishin xcurshun at 1 o'clock, so our train got under way rite off, and every other trane on the rode was side-tracked to let us get past.

There was a norful crowd at every stashun, wot had cum from miles round, to see us distingushed cityzens. We stopped at Yungkurs to water. The town has got a orful aproprate name, judgin by the way the mothers brot ther yung curs for us to kiss. I dont care nothin for baby's enyway, but I had to submit to a lot of slobberin for the sake of inflooinsin votes, for my Candydate. At Fishkill we stopped for refreshments, and was waited on by a brass band and the Mayor and more baby's. Mr. Gilley spoke a few wurds and thanked the crowd for their curtesies, and named a few babies. Jest as we was steemin outter the depot, he dropt his red bandanner handkerchef; you'd dide to see them yung gals tumbel over each other and scrambel

for it. Before they got it, it was tore all up, in little bits, and most every gal wot got a peece, unbuttoned there jerseys, and stowed it way in there bussums. Fishkill, like Yungcurs, has got a purty good name, cos it emits a perfume, very surgestive of cleenin fish, wot was fresh wen Preserdent Buckannon was inaugerated.

Mr. Gilley was feelin orful proud of his recepshuns, all long the line, & it warnt till we got to Albany that he found out that the peepel took him for Preserdent Arthur. Then he got orful indignant, & made the air of the cur smell like condensed sulfur gas, the way he swared. He sez his xperience of unkindnesses has been purty big in his lifetime, but that the peepel of New York State shuld take him for his Axerdensy was the gol durndest unkindest cut of all, and he'd be struck by litenin, with a asse's jaw, if he didn't make the furst barber he seen shave them leg-a-mutton sidebords clene off, cos they was bringin his

bald hed inter disgrace. Wen we got to Troy we was met by the Centril Committee, and druv round to all the salloons, so as we'd see all the sites, & set em up for the crowd. I heer the band pleyin "See the conqrin hearo comes." I guess the populace is waitin for me, so I'll have to stop ritin now.

CHAPTER No. XIV.

IMMENSE NTHUSIASM.—SUM POINTERS ON THE TARIFF.—THE OHIO BABY'S.—POOR LITTLE CAST OFF.
—THE FALLEN GRATE.

MY bussum swells to-nite with pride cos we've tuk the town by storm. If peepel warnt all Demmycrats before, they is now, cos our speechyfyin has struck in purty deep. The meetin was a grand suckcess fizzically, morally, numererrically, and, I guess, votingly. From the furst, we pollytishuns was

received with a perfect ovashun. Chair after chair rended the air, and the seen was only comparable to the nitely concerts of the tommas cats and there parrymores on the back fences of 42d street.

The silence was so grate you culd of hurd a dudine smile, wen Mr. Gilley, in answer to a request to say sumthin bout the tariff, sed : "Gentlemen and other Demmercrats, I regret very much that I can not axceed to your request to menshun that all important questshun, the tariff. My hart is reddy to bust with greef wen I think how menney of you listened last Thursday nite to that Republercan demmygog, John Sherman, and was deseaved. I met that gentelman in a hotel in New York the other day. Sum one axed him if he'd sed enything in his Troy speech bout the tariff. 'Yes,' sed he, 'I fed them durn country gallutes with tariff taffy til they was runnin over.' I shall refrane from sayin enythin more on the subject, cos you want to

let your stummacks settel again fore you take a nuther emettick." Mr. Gilley finished up his speech, by pointin to the glorious victory in Oio, and urgin the demmercrazey to "wurk, wurk, for the day is at hand. Look at Oio. A Republican legislatur begat a baby, & it called it Seccond Amendment Propersishun, it put it up, for the admirashun of the peepel. The demmercrazy had a baby also, it was cristened Wiskey, it grew fat, saucy, & popular. Seccond Amendment Propersishun appared to hav ben a littel too previous, wen it come round, & grew to be a littel, puney, sickley, child. Wot would eny mother have done? Wouldnt she have hired a wet nurse? Did the Republican mother do this? No, gentlemen, not by a long shot she didn't! She got ashamed of the baby, & abandoned it at the dores of the wimmin of Oio, leavin it to them, to bring up on the bottel. This was not all, gentlemen, the hartless mother got jellus,

& tride to steel littel Wiskey. But the grate buxom, german frawleen, wot he had for nuss, couldnt see it a tall. Too much bottel. Too much W. C. T. U. soothin sirrup, & too many wimmin, killed the poor littel cast off, Seccund Amendment Propersishun, and the remanes was berried last Tuesday. Littel Wiskey is growin to be a big & lazy boy, mother & father doin well."

This was too much for the crowd 'cos they got wild with nthusiasm, & shoved us in a carriage, & hauled us all over Troy.

The luv I bare the grand, anshunt, and onherabel partie of the grate unwashed, tempts me to pass over, the grand finale of todays proceedins. But my dutie as a chronickler of actooal events, compels me to menshun the fact that after our late drive tonite, the select sircle of pollytishuns, partuk of a banquet, and becom so full of grattytude, sour mash, and old borbon prinsipels, that they are now, down

stares, humbly bitin' the dust of the dinin room flure, and confessin there mannyfold sins, & trespasses, to the open and obligin eers, of half a dozen nickel plated cusspy-dores.

CHAPTER XV.

IN A TROY HOTEL.—GRAND REVUE AND MILLYTARY
DEMONSTRASHUN.—THE ATTAKE OF THE LEEGUNS.
—HOLESAL DETH AND CONFUSHUN.—THE RE-
CALL.

I FEEL most too tired to rite in you tonite, Mr. Dirty, but I guess I'll tell you wot made me feel so xerted. After the meetin and banquet was over last nite, the cullured gentelman, wot was in attendanse, at the hotel, ushered me up to my room wot was on the skie balconey teer. I got off my cloes & jumped inter bed, as quick as possibel, cos I was purty well used up. I'd jest got inter a sleep, & was dreemin I

was a candydate for Preserdent, on the no-nuthin platform, with Benny Butler hung on the tail of the ticket, wen I was woke



"I CREP OUTER BED & LIT THE GAS."

up by feelin sumthin like a lectric shock creepin over me. I begun to get scared, cos I felt like I was gettin the seven yares ich, so I crep outer bed & lit the gas. On xammenashun I found a feerful lot of lit-

tle wite lumps all over my bodie. Then I looked at the sheets, & a grande site was presented to my vishun. There on a littel knoll, of the fether bed, stood the commander-in-chief, surrounded by his staff, issuin orders. Grouped all round, in regyments, divishuns, & briggades, were comany of privats in their full dress parade unyform of scarlet. As each regyment de-filed passed the Commander, the band struck up the Nashunal anthem of:—

“Bite, Brother, bite with keer
And do your dutie as a bed buggeer.”

The processhun was the most imposin I ever seen. The entire time taken in passin a given point was two hours and ten min-nits.

At eggactly 2 : 20 a. m., the army formed in a holler square, with the officers in the middel. The high priest then passed round them, skatterin insense all over the soldjers, and xhortin them to stand firm, cos vick-torie, glory & spoils was rite within there

reech. Then he skattered sum more in-sense, wot smelt wuss than limbugger cheese, all over them.

By this time it was 3 a. m., and I was gettin sumwhat nervus and cold, in my abbreevyated costume, my mercyfull disposishun and other considerations restrayned me from dealin out holesale slorter to the enemy. Wile I was tryin to devise meens to recapture my fortress, without incurrin the risk of a eppydemick, I seen the army form, in five divishuns. The one under Majah Genral Bloodsucker, bein ordered to scale the walls and take a posishun on the ceelin. The other four divishuns to assume the offensive, and attack me simultaniously on my flanks. Alas for me, too soon, I seen, my mercy had ben illtimed, nothin was left me but to make hasty preperashuns for the defense. Quickly I grabbed the wash basin, and slop bole, and placed each under a leg of my chare. There was nuthin else in the room,

wot I cud use for a mote, in despyration I seized a copy of the New York *Sun*, *Presbyteeryan Banner*, and a book 'ntitled "Biblikal Reesons Why." Placin the *Sun* and "Biblikal Reesons Why," under the remainin unprotected legs of my chare, and holdin the *Presbyteeryan Banner* over my hed with a feendish laff, I mounted my fortyfour cashun, and awated the attack.

The corps on the seelin, under Genral Bludsucker, was ordered to take the inishiativ. Formin in a compact falanx, the band playin the wile, they simmultaneously took the perylus leep, landing rite in the middle of my defense. Poor fellows! they met the fate of many others. Miscalculatin the distance they had fallen upon the Funny collum of the *Presbyteeryan Banner*, and its well known soporiffic effects completely overcom them.

Seein the discomforture of the Bludsuckers cōmmand Genral Robeson advanced, on the dubbel quick, over my N. Y. *Sun*

barrycade. He had almost reeched the leg of my chare, wen urgin his men forward he crossed a line, and rushed rite into deth, yes a suddin and horrybel deth! Poor fellus! they didnt notis in there hurried advanse, that they were attemptin to cross a sarcastick and vengeful dubble led-ded editorial, on the United States navy, by Charles A. Danamite. The survivors will no dout erect a monument over the remains of there brave and darin comrads, beerin the inskripshun "Dide of broken harts."

Genral Robert Ingersol, seein the destruckshun of Robesons forces, determined to advanse slowly, he had jest scaled the back of my barrycade, and was preparin for a rush, wen his eyes cot site of the title of the book. He immejiately sounded the retreat. Biblical Reasons Why was too much for him, and he did not feel like crossin the kasm, and exposin his men to more numerus and hotter perrils.

A counsil of war was then held, and it was decided to get the forces all together, and make one determined effort, to capture my fortress from the see. A half burnt mach was obtained, and a company of soldjers embarked upon it. The ma-sheenary of the transport must of giv out, cos the bote became unmanageable, and its livin freight, seein there hopeless condish-un, joined in singin', "We're goin down to Glory."

By this time, the sun streemin thru the cracks of the curtin, warned the survivors of the approch of day, and a genral recall was sounded, and the entire force retreated to there impenetrabel fortresses in the cracks of the bedsted, leavin me completely master of the situashun.

Now, Mr. Diry, can you wunder at my feelin sumwot tired after such a xperiense, and a tedjus ride down from Troy? Prap's you may consider me a liar. If you do, you are mistakin, cos every wurd I have

riffin in you to nite is the sollum truth, without any prevaricashun, eggsagerashun, or magnifycashun, and besides that, everybodie wot knoes me, sinse I packed away my pettycotes, will tell you, I'm a littel Georgie Washinton.

CHAPTER No. XVI.

HE REPORTS A DRY GOODS OPENIN.—A XPENSIV KOSTUM WOT FINDS ITS WAY TO THE STABLISHMENT OF A JURNULISTICK MILLYUN-HAIR. — FEMMER-NINE FEMMERNINITY'S, WITH MICE AS APPENDAGES. —THE NEET THING IN A HAT.

TO-DAY was the grand openin of fall and winter stiles at all the big Dry Goods and Millernery stores. Clara Bell, wot does up that bisness for the *Buster*, had gone and got completely brok up on a 50 dollar bonnet, wot she sed was the cutest little thing she ever seen, so she had to go

rite up to Hackensaw, and see if she couldnt squeeze the munny out of her old bachler unkel, wot dotes on her. Mr. Gilley wuld of discharged her ony he'd forgot to pay her sellary up in full for the last six months, so he had to make the best of it, and send me out ter report it in her place.

The followin' is wot'll appear in termorrer mornin's *Buster*:

"The first place our repraysentertiv peramberlated hisself to was Lords & Tailor's. He was met at the dore by a aggressiv dude, to hoom he persented his paist-bord, and who immejeatly put him in charge of a demminutiv casheer, wot scorted him to the maid-up soot department. This department was feerfully crowded with ladies, wot were passin complerments on the dresses.

"The most expensiv soot on exherbishun was 'mported from Paris, and is maid with a red and green pettycote, bilt up together so as it'd look like a checkherbord.

Over this pettycote, and runnin down the back, from the waste, in underlatin hills and valley's, wot was formed of a lot of the cheep, two-for-a-cent metrypollytan jurnals, was a skie blu sattin coursage, with a long trane. The front of the skurt was composed of a lot of curlykues, suspended from the sides, louped up in the middle, and maid of illushunairy stuff, so you culd see the pettycote. The hull bisness was blowd up like the upper half of a belloon, ony a little more so. Over all this was a pollynays, with panyers xtendin from the neck, down to the waste line, and maid titer'an durnashun.

"This kostume is the creashun of Wurth, the maskerline millerner, and cost 5 thousand dollars. It was 'mported xpressley for the wife of a up town plumber, but since she sent on her messures, she's been living so high that the steem derrick, wot she bort a purpose, has utterly failed to lace her korsets tite enuf for her to get inter

the dress. Wile our representertiv was present, the kostume was purchased by the wife of the milyun-hair editur, of the Sar-rytoga *Eagle* for 48 hundred dollars cash.

“A sweeter’an-a-peech littel dudine, informed us, in reply to our questshuns, that jurseys, would be worn dubbel breasted behind. That the regulashun bussel wuld containe at least six New York *Heralds*, covered over with a Texas *Siftins*, for the bennyfit of the occupants of the church pue, in the reer of the warer. That crinylines wuld average 4 feet, six inches, in diameter, and wuld be pervided with the new anti-ankel-xposin spiral springs. That basks wuld be cut very low, and filled in with gripher lace. That corsets wuld be pervided with rachets and set screws, to nabel them to be drawn more titely round the waste. That owin to the relertiv cheepness of wool, and its qualerty of xpandin, sted of shrinkin, it wuld ntirely tak the place of cotton as a indyspenserble adjunct in

making up the fashuneebel wimmin. In reply to our inquisertiv reporters last query, the young ladie blushed way up b'hind her eers, and xclamed : 'Oh, you horrid noose-paper man ! Dont chew kno, flutin wil allwas remane in stile ?'

"The hoseery department hadn't opened up wen our reporter called, but he was allowed to inspect it. It is in charge of clurks of the male persuashun, cos there sposed to kno better than gurls wot'd look best on the fare purchasers of these indys-penserbel artikels of femmynine apparl. The latest noveltie reprysents a littel mouse, wots crawled bout half way up, and got stuck.

"They are in all cullers, and are desined for weerin in wet & slushy wether. The're called 'Good Xcuse' Stockins, cos they giv the blushin weerer a good xcuse, for not gettin her skurts wet & muddy. The mouse looks orful naturel, and sum of these days, we'll heer of sum gallant corndock-

tor of the Ell R. R. gettin a kik in his stummik, for grabbin hold of one, wile he labers under the impresshun, that he is re-leevin the fare weerer, of a indyskribeibel aggerney.

“The neet thing in a hat is a littel bunch of yaller & green velvit, surmounted by a derminutiv Tommas cat, wots got his back up, and his tale runnin down the lady’s neck. It costs a hundred & fifty dollars, & the lady’s, all say its too sweet for anything.

“Wimmin’s logic is curius enyway. If there all mashed, so bad, on Tommas cats, Y, in the name of Pennylope Pennyfether, dont they sit up sum moonlite nite, at a back winder, armed with a dubbel barrel shot gun, & slugs? Then they’d get a durn site more’an they’d use in a hull lifetime. This would ’pare to be more senserabel than payin Lords & Tailor’s 150 dollars for a little insignifercant kitten, wot aint cut his eye teeth yet.”

CHAPTER XVII.

DUMMIE "ADS"—WARNTED, A WIFE, BY THE RELIG-
US EDDITUR.—THE CLIMAX.—BABYS, BABYS
EVERYWERE.—A HORRID RECH.—EXPLERNASHUNS
AND PACIFERCASHUNS, WITH A TWENTY-FIVE
CENTER AS DESERT.

SINCE the big reduckshun in price of the mornin papers, them wot didnt cum down much hav ben usin all sorts of skeems to keep up their circulashuns, so yesterday Mr. Gilley desided to run a cuppel of columns of free wanted advertisin. To start the ball a rollin, he maid me rite off a lot of dummie wants. I put in most everything I culd think of, from the soft and luvin pursernel to the big & clumsy steem engine.

Wen I got down to the offis this mornin there was a orful crowd of wimmin on Park Row, all ranged along the edge of the pavement, with bout a hundred extra purlice keepin them in singel file. I

couldn't for the life of me imagine wot was up, till I went up steers and seen the perseshun filin in and out the religus edittur's offis dores. Then I remembered the advertisement I rote, wot red like this :

“Warnted, a rotund, bucksom, good-lookin and good-natured madin, suiterbel for a wife. One wot knowes enuf to put on stile & run a fashernable stablshment. Apply urley at this offis, to the religus edittur.”

Now, our religus edittur is purty sweet on wimmin enyway, so he tuk it all in good part, and kissed and hugged every one of em, tellin em he'd let em kno by letter, wen he'd made his choice. They kep swarmin in all the mornin, til you'd thot all the wimmin in New York was warntin a man. Bout 11 o'clock we all notissed sumthing shut out the lite of the doreway, purty soon it turn'd round and cum in sideways and sung out, “Oh, were ! Oh, were ! is the bloomin boy wot warnts a rotund,

buxom madin for his wife?" Then we all tumbled that she was the Bowry Museum fat woman, so I pointed to the Religus Edit-tur. Then she grabbed him up in her arms, and squeezed him, till you could heer his ribs snappin. Wen he got black in the face she thot she'd made a mistake, in the man, and seized hold of Mr. Gilley, so I remembered it was gettin on towards dinner time. At the dore of the offis I met the quire singer in the little Church Round the Corner, wot the Religus Edittur's ngaged to, and she tole me to tell him he was a horrid rech, and she was goin to sue him for breech of promis, so she was.

On my way hum to dinner, the manergin edittur overtuk me, and luffed and sed that was a purty good joke I'd fixed up on the religus edittur. I told him I didnt meen nothin by it anyway, cos I didnt xpect eny gurl'd think he was good lookin enuf to marry him.

Now our mannergin edittur jest got

marreed last week, and hee's bordin at the Metrypollytan hotel. Just fore we got there he giv me a ten-center, and sed, thats for the laff him and his wife'd hav wen he tole her bout the joke.

I guess he got all the laffin he wanted, cos he'd no sooner got inter the hotel dore, before every man, woman, and child run up to him, and tride to giv him a baby, wot they sed was his. Baby's was lyin round permiskusly, all over the desks, floors, and barroom. The rooms, up stairs, was chock full of baby's. Xtra cots was lade out in the halls, and every cot, had half a dozen baby's on to it, and every baby had a card pinned on its cloes, wot red :— Tom Wilson, Susie Wilson, Paddy Wilson, Biddy Wilson, and every Wilson you could think of. Eight pages of the regester was filled with there names, and every page was hedded with the Editturs own name, John Wilson, Father.

Wen he got to his own room, he found

his wife cryin, lik her heart was brok. Soon as she cot site of him she let out a shreek wot brot everybodie in the hotel to there room, and sung out : " John Wilson youre a monsteer, youre a vaggerbone, youre a rech, youre a infermus skoundrel. Take me back to my mama, rite away, and if youve got a spark of manhood about you, you'll go and make wot little restertushin you can, to the mothers of these wurse than orfans."

Quicker'an litenin, Mr. Wilson tumbelled, and laffin a fiendish grin, he sung out in axcents wild : " Get me a Gatlin Gun, and lode it down to the mussle with thirty-leven charges of dannymite, and let me get a shot, at that incorragerbel imp of Haydes, the *Buster's* Devil."

Then carmin down a littel, he took this mornins paper outen his pocket and red out loud to the crowd : " Wanted ; a fine, helthy infant for adopshun. No questshuns ast. Leeve it at the Metrypolytan hotel

for John Wilson, mannergin edittur *Daily Buster*."

This put everybodie in good humer agen, and, after settin up the drinks for the crowd, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson went out to the country to hire a farm and sum wimmin to take care of the baby's till homes culd be secured for 'em.

I guess him and his wife's sickened on baby's enyway, cos I hurd him tellin the hotel clurk that they'd had all the baby's round them that they'd ever have, by gumbo.

And now, Mr. Dirty, I must close for to-nite, cos I've got to smoke the 25-center wot the religus edittur giv me for the laff he'd had outer my joke on Mr. Wilson.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AT THE MASQUE BALL.—FRIVERLUS FIXINS.—A PARISIEN GREASETTE, WOT MASHED THE MASKULINE CHARACKTERS.—MR. GILLEY COT IN HER TOILS.—THE DEVIL IT IS.

LAST nite Mr. Gilley giv me a invyta-shun to the fancy masque ball, wot all New York's ben torkin bout for the last six weeks. It was to be a toney affaire, so wen I got hum I went all thru my wardrobe, but culdn't find nothin fancyer than the cloes I wore wen I painted the back fense at our house red with green trimmins. I seen they was hardly prackterkel, cos there was a feint oder of cows & horses clingin to them wot the heet of the ball room mite develop in a way wot wuldn't be satisfacktorie to myself or the delercate knoeses of the other aristocrazey present.

So I put em away with a sy, and had jest bout maid up my mind that the other ball-ers wuldn't be treeted to my distingushed



"IT WAS ONY THE WURK OF A MINNIT TO PRY OPEN THE LID,"

presense, wen I remembered the box of cloes wot our dinin room gal, wot was purty fly, left, wen she loped with the bug-gler, & all ma's silver spoons. It was ony

the wurk of a minnit to pry open the lid, and a dazzlin array of butyful & fancy cloes met my vishun. Then I shed all my things and commensed the arduus wurk of dressin. I say arduus, cos it was parrylisin, discomfartin, & puzzlin. I useter wonder y ma tuk so long to dress, wen she was goin enywhere, and pa was swarin and hurryin her up. Now, I wunder no longer cos I kno how tis myself, and after my own xperiense in pins, buttins, strings, laces, garters, and things, I shall ever look upon wimmin as martirs. The dress was jest short enuf to show my blu striped silk stockings, and bout two inshes of mbroidery. The stockins was a littel too big, so I had to fill em up with hankercheefs. The waste jest buttened up on me, at the waste line, but it tuk half a dozen piller cases, and a cuppel of sheets, to stuff the upper part of the front. I had to put a reef in crinny line, cos it showd, and it tuk ma's pach-wurk quilt to mak my bussel big enuf for stile.

Wen I was all thru dressin, I looked like a Fifth avenue daysy, every particle of my dress was complete, only I culdnt set down very maudestly, cos my hoops was too wide. Then ma she fixed up my hare, and maid a masque for me, and sed I was a true-ter-life Parisien greassette.

Soon as I got in the ball-room, every maskerline carackter got mashed on me, and warnted me for a partner. Every one I danded with treeted me to ice creme and carrymels, and I guess, I ete supper bout seventeen times, in fact I ete so much, that a terrebel strane round my waste, warned that if I indulged my appytite eny more, a feerful catastrofy, was lierbel to take place.

Bout two o'clock I begun to get tired, & warnted to go home, but my partner, wot was Mr. Gilley, drest in the costum wot he sent me down to Ike Israel's on Chattam Strete, to hire for him, and wot the Jue sed, reprysented Tom Okiltree a Texas Briggand, promised to get a car-

rage, and driv me home, if I'd stay till three. I was 'greed, so I danded three or four more sets with him, and ete sum more creme. Then he got a close carrage, & told the driver to drive orful slow, cos he was frade the moshun of the carrage'd have a bad effect on my nerves.

Soon as we got started he tuk me on his knee, & got to huggin me round the piller slips & sheets and kissin my left eer, and gettin otherwise fermillyer, so I seen the moment had cum for me to be myself, so I lifted up my masque. Soon as he cot site of my face he xclaimed: "Oh! the Devil!"

"Yes, Sir," sez I, "tis the Devil."

Then, tellin the driver to stop the horses, he lifted up his foot and gin me a kick wot landed rite on ma's pachwurk quilt, and sed: "Go to the devil."

I guess he's mad at me, only he purtends not to be, but that's put on, cos he's frade I'll gin the hull thing away, and then the

religius edittur and Mr. Wilson'll hav the laff on him.

The sosighety edittur's report in this mornins *Buster* says :

"The Parisien Greasette was conseeded by everybodie present to take the onhers of belle of the ball. The knowin ones claim that it was Miss Ellen Terrier, the latest artistick importashun from England, and that Mr. Vandybilt, as the Texas brigand, seen her home. If this is a fact, there'll likely be sum domestick thunder flyin round in a uptown manshun."

didn't collect no admishun fee offen me, cos, I guess he knowd I had a ded hed ticket.

Rite in front of me was a corpulent woman, fatter'an a poorpoise, and the wife of a Brooklyn alderman. She had a hat on wot was as big as a punshun hed, wot she kept twistin round, so I couldnt see a thing wot was goin on on the staige. I guess the woman wayed bout 250 pounds, & her bussel was as big as a Ellerfants. The case was gettin desprit for me, cos I'd agreed to bring hum a report of the performanse. The furst part was jest bout over; the blonde artist was singin a solo, and the audiense was so interested that they all stood up. I seen the time had cum for acshun, so I stood a pepper box wot I had in my pocket on the seet. Soon as the ladie went to sit down, she hadnt calkerlated on eny obstercal, and didnt try to control her gravytal momentum, so she cum plump down on top of the pepper

box. A loud, roarin sound, then a terrer-bel xploshun shuk the buildin, and the air was filled with flyin debris, woman, pieces of cloes, hoopskirt, hat, buttins, little bits of rubber bussell, strings, and things innumerable and unmenshunabel. I never seen such a reck in all my life. The ladie landed right in front of the minister, were sum of the quire girls run to her rescue and kivered her up with shawls, puttin her in a carriage and sendin her home.

Soon as the reck was cleered and order restored, the minister sed :

“I came here this mornin with no idea upon wot subject I shuld speak, trustin ontirely to Providense to reveal to the congregashun and myself a sootabel one. You see, my heerers, for yourself, my trustin has not been in vane. My text will be : ‘And Eve bort a Bon Ton System, and maid herself a fig leef pollynays, cut a la Princesse, and trimmed with dandylion ruchin and sunflower brade. Then she fleeced a he ram,

and of the wool thereof she formed a big bussel, and Adam got mashed on her fine cloes, and she turned up her knoes at the washerwomans darter wot didnt have on nothin but a palm leef jursey, wot fit her too soon.'

"You ladies are all alike, and you get your line of dress, from a purty long and direct line of ancestry. I dont think a fine dress is a sinful appendage to eny lady, in fact I like to see a ladie drest well, but to be drest well, a lady ort not to practise deceit, or act a lie, for there is such a thing as actin a lie. Now bussils are the devils perticklar delite, cos there a form of deceit, in fact, I verily beleeeve the devil is in every bussel, and actin on the Biblical advise, the ladies all say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' Hereafter, air balloon bussles will be considered contraband, in this church, and ladys suspected of carryin them, will be subject to a serchin, and rigid xaminashun, before bein admitted."

CHAPTER XXI.

ROUTS THE REPUBLERCAN RABBEL,—CAMPANE LIES.

—THE DEVIL IN LEAGUE WITH DEMMERCRAZEY.

—GRATE WAS THE FALL THEREOF.

TOMORRER is eleckshun day, so tonite the Republercans hav been havin a gran free strete exhybishun. I'll be orful glad wen the eleckshun is over, 'cos the xcitement, & late hours, attendin the campane, is weerin out my nurves. Jimmy and I hav jest got in Mr. Diry, and I think paraders are wonderin wot struck em by this time.

Bout half past seven, the torch lite perr-sesshun got together, at Cooper institute, and began the march up town to Uniyun square werë the liars was to hold forth. There was a norful lot in the persesshun, and sum of 'em had banners, with a pole

cat eatin a rooster. I got indignunt, cos they was ntirely too fresh, so me & Jimmy run on ahed of em, and sprinkled the strete with torpedoes wot we bort a purpose.

You'd dide to seen em marchin rite on to 'em, singing out "Down with Gilley and the whiskey suckin demmercrazey." Soon as they stepped on sum torpedoes, they didn't wate for marchin orders. Cos there was a norful noise, like the demmycrazey was in leegue with the subterrainon bosses, and they was celebratin there indypendense day.

I was sorry to see them disband, cos they looked sorter purty, and the band wot they had in the persesshun maid things lively.

They had a big platform erected wot was meant for the big guns of the partie, to fire off lies and ellyquense from, soon as the persesshun arrived, so me and Jimmie run up there and wated til the crowd wot had got dermoreylized arrove, and the speekin

begun. The fust speeker wot held forth, was a clerickel-lookin cus, wot peared to be only bout twenty-one years old. He give a long descriptshun of wot him and his partie, had done for the country durin the late unplessantness, when the oppersishun candydate, Mr. Gilley, was to hum, busy weerin out his pettycotes. This made me madder'an durnashun, cos I knowd the feller was lying a reglar baldhedded lie, cos if Mr. Gilley was weerin pettycotes wen the war brok out, his pa and ma orter kep on lettin him be a gal, and then, p'raps, his hare wuldn't all fell out. The peeple didnt pare to xhibit much inthusyism over the fellers remarks, cos he haled from out in Oio, and citizens out in such far away and semiuncivylized states, aint sposed to kno as much as us New Yorkers anyway.

A nuther feller got up and sed :

“Ladies and gentlemen, this is the eve of a grate eleckshun. Tomorrer us free

men'll go up to the poles and deposit our ballots inter the box, and thus signify our choice of rulers. Every one present knoes the disgraceful condishun of the New York Demmycrazey. Its platform is rotten in every plank. Its leeder Mr. Gilley is the dubble •extract of rottinness, and the hull rank and file of the party is in a fit state to be condemned by the fresh meet inspector. How is the Republican party? Its swete and pure as a new-born baby. Its leeder is as clene and wite as new milk, and all Haydies culdnt find a flaw in the platform on wich we stand." Just then I guess the devil muster taken excepshuns to the remarks, cos I'd pulled the rope wot I'd fix-ed to the loose leg of the platform, and the hull bisness toppled over the speekers and vice preserdents of the meetin, presentin a free accrobatic tumblin show to the amused and interested audiense. All the peepel wot was present and seen the platform

give way are feelin blu and superstishus,
cos there frade the Devil's in leegue with
the Demmercrazey, and I guess there bout
rite ; aint they, Mr. Dirty ?

CHAPTER No. XXII.

ELECKSHUN DAY.—THE DUDES PEDDLIN DEMMER-
CRATICK TICKETS.—THE METHYDISTS GO BACK
ON THE G. O. P.—THE DEVIL AS A PERLITICKEL
WIRE-PULLER.

MR. DIRY, at this ritin, I guess you're safe in hangin out the hemale chickin, cos all the reports from this city are givin Mr. Gilley a 'normous vote, and you bet this devil is feelin proud, cos didnt he nommernate the Guvner? And bout tomorro nite the hull State'll kno that he lected him, too.

I was kep orful busy this mornin till all our repeeters had scored there votes. Them Republercan fellers is orful trickery, and I had to do sum tall flyin round wile I was watchin them, so as they wuldnt steel our repeeters, wot we'd imported a purpose from Jursey and Fillydelfy, and mak em

vote in a nother preeinct for there ticket. They call that kinder business equalizin, but, in this case, it didnt equalize wurth a cent, cos I told them all that they warnted to keep there eyes on them fellers wot clamed they was Republercans, cos they was Pinky-ton's detecktives in disguise tryin to hatch up a case of illegal votin agen them. That scared em off, so they each took there 2 dollars and skipped over to Jersey Citty.

Soon as I got 'em safely off, I seen the Rerpublicans was gettin ahed of us, so me and Jimmy went down to the offis, and borrored the scientific editturs 'lectric pen, and rote bout 10,000 notes, addressin them to all the dudes whose names is in the di-reckтары. Then Jimmy went out and got a lot of other messenger boys to take em round.

In less than half a hour the stretes of New York and Brooklyn was crowded with dudes (reel live dudes, livelier than they was ever known before), peddlin

Demmercratick tickets round, and visertin all the taylors, and barbers, and thretnin to withdraw there custom if they didn't vote



"ME AND JIMMY WENT DOWN TO THE OFFIS AND ROTE
BOUT 10,000 NOTES."

the strate Demmercratick ticket, and elec-
shunaire for Mr. Gilley.

I guess I'll have to be round tomorro
nite, cos there'll be sum fun, wen Lillyun

cums out the stage dore cos every dude in New York has got a note wot red like this :

SUBLIME ADORED ONE—By the immortal sun-flower you ware in your hallered buttin-hole, and the admyrashun you bear your asthetick frend, vote for Mr. Gilley for Guvner, cos the delercate purple tint of his perfume absorbent, is quite too, too, and his long and shaggy Burmuder-oniyun cullered locks are jest too delish-us, and placed in the guvermentel cheer, will do much towards educatin the common hurd, to a appresheashun of our assthetick tastes. Besides that, I think the other Candydate, is too much of a 'orridley 'orrid, common cad. If you will do this much for me, I will meet you at the stage dore, tomorrer nite.

Yours, utterly in luv,

LILLYUN RUSSELL, Dudine.

Then I sent out notes to all the Bank Presidents and clerks, and nost everyone I culd think of wot had the handlin of other peepels munney. They wus short and sweet, but sum how they brot out a orful lot of voters. The notes red like this :

If you kno wots good for you, you'll vote for Joe Gilley for Guvner. Remember. From one who knos you as well as you kno yourself.

All the Methydistis got notes from the Conferense Committee, sayin that they'd discovered that the Republican candystate was a rank infydel, and advisin them all to vote for Mr. Gilley, cos he was goin to donate a big pile of munney to furrane misshuns.

Every member of the Society of Hen Pecked Husbands, wot is very strong in New York, was requested by a letter sined by the President to vote for Mr. Gilley, cos he had it from good authority that the other feller had greed to order the legislatir to pass a bill legalizin the wearin of the pants by married wimmen.

Then I sent out a circular to every doubtful German voter, tellin them that the Republican candystate, wen he was a boy, had licked a duch boy biggeran him, and called him a puddin'-hedded, pot-stummicked, pretzel-thievin' son of a beer drinkin' and sour krout etin' duchman, and the time had cum for the Gurmans of New York to re-

buke at the polls such a flaygrant insult to the most useful and respeckterbel standby's of the Nashun, the German cityzens.

I never seen enything do better in my life. With the excepshun of the few votes wot the Republercans had fore I got my wurk in, mine captured the hull cities of New York and Brooklyn, and the beer and wisky wots ben sent to rural districks, will giv us the hull State by a big majority. Wen I get big, Mr. Diry, I guess I'll hire myself out for a perfesshunel pollytickal wire-puller.

CHAPTER No. XXIII.

A GLORIOUS VICKTORIE.—THE LICKED CANDYDATE GENERATES BLUE SULFROUS AIR ON ACCOUNT OF THE ACKSHUN OF HIS PLEDGED SUPPORTERS.

XCITEMENT is at fever heet, and tin horns and bonfires is seen and hurd everywere. We've swep the hull State like a averlanche, and the Republercan partie is deder'n a dore nale. Me and Joe Gilley is goin to run this ere Guvment now for a wile, and you bet we'll run her with discretion, and make a pile. I'm the hero of the Demmercrazy, and John Kelley giv me and Jimmy a 5 dollar bill a peece, so as we'd have munny enuf to hav sum fun with, cos Mr. Gilley sez I've ben workin purty hard, and he guessed I'd better take a rest to-morrer.

The back strete was lined with dudes to-nite, and every one of them crowded up to Lillyun wen she cum out the stage dore, but she didn't speek to eny of them. They wus all purty hot, but they don't regret the way they voted, cos they have the satysfackshun of knowin that the Xecutiv Manshun 'll hav a occupant wot has a very asthetick blendin of cullers in his mak up.

The Rerpublerkan candydate wot's got licked has gone and got orful mad at the Methydist Conference and swares, by golly, he'll never donate a nuther oyster to a church supper, and his remains 'll be smolderin down b'low 'fore them ungrateful hyppercrites 'll hold a nuther mute soshell in his house. His wife says she's goin ter sue them for the bord bill of them hoary hedded old delergates, wots been palmed off on her for the last fifteen years. She sez she alwuz expected sumthin 'd happen, cos when the young mens christ-

shun associashun convention cum off, they sent all the yung and good lookin delergates over to Widder Masher's, cross the street, and didn't giv her eny bodie but a lot of old men, wot was just walkin round to save funeral xpenses.

The members of the Society of Henpecked husbands is looking like theyd been drawd thru a not hole, cos there wives hav ben wearin the pants again, and given them a taste of dissyplin for votin for a man wot has as outspoken anty wimmins rites vues as Mr. Gilley.

I peeped in the windys of sevrал banks on my way home, and most all of the clurks has a scart and hunted look in there eyes, but I guess there safe, cos the one who knoes, don't kno quite as much as they think he does.

The Germans is jubilyant, cos they all helped to rebuke a insult. I guess they wuldn't feel so orful proud of theirselves if they'd hurd John Kelley and Mr. Gilley

talkin bout 'em, jest fore eleckshun, wen they was considered doutful, and Mr. Gilley sed — the Duch.

Pollytishuns is purty persnickerty, enyway. I b'leive wen I get ter be a big man I'll start out as a misshunary and devote my 'nurgies to savin the souls of pollytickel office-seekers and candydates; taint no use tryin to save there bodies, cos the devil's got a lien on them alreddy.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HIS HOLY DAY.—PERSONATIN A DUDE MAKES HIM
LOSE HIS TRUST IN GALS.—MARIA GIVES HIM
CLENE AWAY.—TERRERBEL REVENGE.—HE PROM-
ISES FORGIVENESS ON CERTAIN CONDISHUNS.

I've lost all conferdense in gals and human nature, lost it all at one fell swoop. Yesterday I'd ben willin to bet a 20-cent seegar that my gal, Maria, would 'er lep cross one of the flews of Haydies for me. But I was deseaved; yes, Mr. Dirty, I was wonderfully and terribly deseaved in her.

As I told you last nite, me and Jimmy got a holy day to-day and \$10 to spend on havin a good time. So this mornin we drest up in our Sunday-skule cloes, and went down town to the property shop, and each bort ourselves a false mustash and

canes. Then we went up to the barber shop and had our hare banged. Wen we was thru you wuldnt ben abel to tell us from full bludded Englush swells. We was just too too, walkin up and down Uniyun Square, puffin at our 10-centers, like we owned all New York and half of Brooklyn. You bet we maid sum mashes on the wimmin. Bout one clock we sta-shuned ourselves where we'd meet our gals as they went to skule. Jimmie's gal, Josie, and my Maria run together. Purty soon they cum long together, laffin and torkin. Then me and Jimmy braced ourselves up, and as they went by we winked. Josie she winked back, but Maria she sed orful sweet, "How de do?" so we followed em up. Purty soon Maria slowed up & sed its a nice day. I told her it was, then I sez if she wuldnt like to take a walk. She sed she was greed if Josie'd go long, cos if they went walkin they'd have to play hookey, and one darsent do it without the other.

After sum persuashun, Josie greed to go long, so I offered my arm to Maria, and we had a big time til bout 5 o'clock. Then we sez to the gals if they'd like to go to the theater in the evenin, they thot it'd be orful nice, but they didnt believe there mas wuld trust em to go with strange gentelmen, cos it wuldnt be rite. I axt her if there wasnt sum way to fix it.

Maria sed she guessed she culd tell her ma. Georgie was going to take her, & then Josie culd say, Georgie had a xtra ticket, & warnted her to go long, so we greed to meet em, at the corner, bout 7 clock. They was there on time, all drest up ter kill, and we took em down to the Standard, and had a big time. Wen the show wos out, we went to a resterant, & had sum oysters. Wile we was etin them, I axt Maria who the Georgie was who tuk her out.

"Oh," sez she, "he's a red hedded devil, wot wurks in the *Buster* offis, and aint a bit lik you. Ma likes him, and thinks he's

orful stedly, and she aint frade to let me go eny place with him. He's mashed on me bad, and thinks I'm in luv with him, so he spends all his munney on me, and I jest go with him, cos he takes me to enny-thing wot cums along. It's fun ter see him, he's so green, and besides, he never fixes up eny, and I'm gettin most ashamed to be seen on the strete with him."

By this time I was feelin purty bad, but I maneged to keep up and make b'lieve I was feerful in love with her, and got her to promis never to go with Georgie agin. I had a bottel of perfume in my pocket, and jest 'fore we left the restyrant, I put sum on the gals handkercheefs, then I hawled off my false mustash, and soon Maria seen, I was her Georgie, and begun a cryin lik her hart wuld brak. I felt sorry for her, but I told her to dry up her eyes. I guess I must giv them the perfume out of the assyfitity bottel, cos, soon as she rubbed her face, you never smelt such a overpour-

in smell in all your life, we had to keep em at arms length, all the way hum, and if we'd ben the Zar of Russher, and Queen



**"THEN I HAWLED OFF MY FALSE MUSTASH, AND SOON
MARIA SEEN I WAS HER GEORGIE."**

Victoria, combined, the people wouldnt hav givin us more room on the side walk. I felt sorry for them, cos they cryed, and felt so bad, all the way home, and, if I

coulder got close enuf to Maria, without bein smuthered I'd kissed and made it all up. Its a blessin that her ma and pa's got catarrh orful bad, or there mite be war in her house.

I'm goin to send her the follerin note in the morning, and next time I go to see her I'll fix up a littel, cos a fellow can't blame a girl for goin back on him if he don't think enuff of her to dress up neet :

DEAR MARIA: I was orful greeved by your conduct, but seein that you're sorry I'll forgive you for all. I'll call round in a week, wot'll give you time enuf to smell swete agin, if you're careful to wash often, give yourself lots of air, and keep plenty of carbollick acid and cloride of lime scattered round were you are. Beleeve me
your ever lovin
GEORGIE.


CHAPTER XXV.

ADVERTISES A ARTICKEL WOT WAS FOUND.—WIMMIN'S
WAYS.—CLAMED.—IN DURANSE VILE FOR STEELIN
A SHALL.—HAPPY EXPLERNASHUN AND INTERES-
TIN TABLOW.

“THE lady wot dropped a artickel of warin appairel in the Post Offis, last evenin, can have them by callin on the Devil at this offis and provin property.”

The abuv is a advertisement wot I had put in the *Buster* this mornin, and all day long I've ben kep busy attendin to the ansurs. The fust lady wot cum in had dropt a plume outer her hat. She giv me a full descriphun of it, wot it cost, and said she knowed it was hers wot I'd found; and then I showed her the artickel and axt her if that was it. She blushed up orful red, and sailed outer the offis like I'd in-

sulted her. Yesterday muster ben a orful bad day for wimmin loosin things in the Post Offis, cos there's bout two hundred ben to the offis. Sum lost there teeth, uthers there bangs, clokes, slippers, overshoes, gloves, skurts, hankercheefs, bussels, and most everything wot a woman could pile on her ; and I had to show every one of them the artickel wot was found, and axt them if that was it, and, curius enuf, every one went off mad and indignant. On towards nite I was jest beginnin to wonder wether, in a case like this, onhesty was the best pollysee, or wether it wouldnt of payed better for me to hav tuk em home to ma ; wen a madin ladie, of doutful age, come in to the offis, and sed : " Yung man, have they got C. D. marked on the band." I sed : " Yes, marm."

" Well, they must be mine, cos my name's Carryline Duncan, & I alwus mark my cloes C. D. for short. I didn't kno  lost 'em til I got hum, after I'd ben

down to the Post offis sendin a letter to Tom; that's my feller wots ben to China for ten yeres."

Then I giv em to her, and puttin them under her arm, she walked out as happy as culd be.

I thot I was thru with my trubbel with wimmin's warin apparel for one day, so I started hum. I'd ony got to the corner of Spruce street, wen a grate strappin perlice-man cum up to me, and clappin me on the shoulder, sed: "I've got you, sunny, this time; cum along, now, or I'll be after mak-in you." I seen disreshun was the better part of valler, so I let him leed me. Wen we got to the stashun he preferred a charge of larceny gainst me. Then they axt me if I had eny bodie wot'd go my bale, so I got 'em to send for Mr. Gilley. Wen he arrove, he cum up to me, the tears streemin down his cheeks, and sed: "Georgie, I'm sorry to see you in such a posishun, but you'd better plead guilty, and axe mercy of

the cort, cos they've got a sure case agen you. If you'd ony bin sharp enuf to hide the property, it wouldn't ben so bad." Jest then the lady wot the shawl was stole from, come to identerfy it. Mr. Gilley & me was lookin on. The lady looked orful close, and sed that looked jest like her shawl, wot was all black, ony this one didn't hav no yaller stanes on the corner were she dropt the lemon juce on to hers. Mr. Gilley looked at it close, and purty soon he sed: "Why, Georgie, that's our offis towl." Then I seen all thru it in a minnit, cos there was the towl wot I'd been carryin home to get washed, and the per-liceman, seein the end stickin out from under my cote, and knowin that a black shawl had been stole, arrested me as the theef. Then they had a big laff, and Mr. Gilley set em up for the crowd. He sed he knowd I was orful honorary, but he never culd b'leeve that I'd steel anything.

CHAPTER No. XXVI.

THE DELINKENT SUBSKRIBER'S ARISTOCRAZEY IDEAS
ON THE EDITTUR'S DIGESTIV ORGANS.—A NEW
WAY TO COLLECT OLD DETS.

THERE'S a lot of fellers wot hav brown-stone manshuns up town, and French cooks wot dish em up everything good, from frogs' lim—er—leg to the posterier xten-shun of a eel's spinal collum, frickerseed, with mushrum catchup sauce. B'sides that, they've got lots of munney in the bank, and wuldn't think no more of givin sum Anglo Saxton perfesshunul beggar a thousand-dollar keepsake than they wuld of lettin there folks go to Longbransh or Newport durin the all-fired heeted turm.

I dont mene, Mr. Diry, that all the welthy people of New York are alike, but I have refrense to that class of peeple wot are laberin under the 'mpresshun that edi-

toriel stummicks was patented, and bilt speshelly and xclusivly for the absorpshun and dijestshun of printin-house paste and wind puddins, with ritin-fluid sauce as a condymment and appytizer. These are the peepel who alwus allow there noosepaper bills to accummerlate till they drop off, and the editur gives them a bang-up introduckshun on there long journey, in the hope that the adminnysteers of there estates'll allow his bill. Feint hope that is, cos were was the adminnysteer that was ever known to acknowledge a noosepaper bill as genwine. They all go on the princerpel "that all editturs is liars, and all big liars is editturs," and take the same deduckshun, wot is alwus this: "A bill persented by a liar must be a lie, on its face"; therefore, it is unallowable.

The reeson I've ben thus sollykisin, Mr. Dirty, is, cos the expenses of the campane hav ben purty hevvy on Mr. Gilley, and not yet havin had a chance to dip his fin-

gers inter the State Tressurey, he was runnin a littel short of funds. So this afternoon he give me a lot of old bills to collect.

I found it purty had work, cos everybodie 'peared to be perticklar fond of payin all there bills next week. I was gettin discourraged, and I didn't like to go back to the offis without no munney, so I thot up a littel skeem. There was a big flour deeler wot owd a bill of \$40, wot'd got outlored. So I went over to his offis and ast the clurk to tell him I wanted to see him on pertickler bisness. The clurk sed he was orful 'ngaged, & I'd better call round next week, and praps he'd hav time to tork to me. I insisted and told him to tell Mr. Paynuthin, that the bisness wot I warnted to see him on was a matter of immense importanse to himself. Soon as I got in, I sed: "Mr. Paynuthin, we've got on to sum very valuabel informashun, wot'll make your fortune, if the other flour-

men don't get it fust. Now, if you'll pay up this bill, I'll giv it to you at wonce, and you'll get the inside trak on 'em." I seen he was gettin interested, so I concluded, by sayin : "Now if you don't get this informashun, it may leed to your ruin." He didn't say a wurd, but went to the safe, and got out the \$40, and I receeted the bill, and axt him for a peece of paper, cos he mite forget it if I didn't rite it down. Then I wrote in big letters : "Owe no man a cent," and biddin him goodby, I took a hasty departure. The skeem work'd splendid every place I went, only at wun old lawyers offis, and he sed : "Yung man, I've been cheetin, fleecin and beetin everybodie for the last forty years, and there aint no noosepaper man livin wot can tell me eny eeseier way to mak a fortune. Git out," and I got. Mr. Gilley says I'm the boss collecttur, and orter hire myself out to a Mutual Life and Accident Assoshiashun, as assesment gatherer.

CHAPTER No. XXVII.

MINSE PIE AND DREEMS.—TERRIBLE RETRYBUSHUN.
—WOT'LL OVER TAKE A GOOD MENNY.—VIRTUE
RECEIVES ITS REWARD.

I GUESS the wurry of collecktin yester-day afternoon muster wurked upon my mind, cos, last nite, I dreemt a dreem, wot'd maid each seprate hare-on the heds of ev-ery delikent subskriber stand on end, and sing out "Pay up your noosepaper bill, old feller, if yer dont warnt a skorschin in the dubius hereafter."

Ma and Pa was out, cos it was prayer meetin nite at our church, so I went ter bed urley, cos I was frade wen they cum home, they'd miss the hull minse pie wot I'd ete.

I'd just bout got ter sleep, wen I smelt a orful smell, surgestiv of a straw hat re-

vivin shop, wen they burn sulfir and brimstone. I looked down and behold, I seen a cort room, with a lot of lawyers and clurks sittin round a table, and the judge in a pulpit wot over looked them. The peepel all looked like Barnum's skellyton man, ony they didnt have no skin over there bones, and there eyes was maid of fire balls and eech of em had a long tail, like a snake. Purty soon the judge sed the court was open for bisness, and the sargent at arms brot in a feller all dressed up with a gold wach and big charm wot I reckernized as one of our ded beet subskribers wot'd dide last weak.

The judge looked him all over in a complermenterry way, and ast him if he'd alwus lived a onhest and uprite life.

"Yer onher," sed he, "I've given of my substanse to the poor; I've luvud my naylor as myself; I've surved for ten years as Warden of a fashunubble church, and tride to the best of my knowlege and beleef to do rite."

"Yer onher," sed the prosercutin turney, wot I reckernized as the ex-religio-jurnal-istick edittur of a defunckted alliance noosepaper, "May I ast the prisner a questshun?"

"You may," sed Judge Satan, for it was his infurnissimo himself.

"Prisner at the bar," sed the turney, "Did you pay your subskripshun to the *Buster* 'fore you checked your baggage thru to Haydies?"

"No, sir," sed the prisner, "I did not. I never thot it was perticklar, cos editturs aint like other mortels, enyway, and I never knowd it was a sin to beet em if you culd."

"Yes, sir, yer onher," said the prosercut-in 'turney, "he confesses his guilt, and I find, by lookin over the reckord, he owes the *Buster* offis for 8 years' subskripshun besides a hull string of free advertisin wot the edittur giv him outer goodness of hart. Not only that, but I notis in the day book that jest wun week 'fore he departed he

ordered his paper stopped, cos he was opposed to surportin', by his munny, a Demmercratick candydate for Guvner. You see, yer onher, there is nothing left for you but to pass sentense on the prisner."

"Prisner at the bar," sed the Judge, "this yere cort sentenses you to hard laber shuvlin' flames at a tempyrature of 6,000 degrees, for 10,000 yares, durin' all wich time you will sing

'I want to be a angel,
And with the editturs stand !'

Shurruf, conduct the prisner to furnace number 561, next to Gittoes."

Soon as he'd gone, a culled gentleman was brot in, and in ansur to there quest-shuns as to his morral standin', he sed :

"Jedge, I knoes I'se a hard cityzen, and I've done gone and sinned purty nigh all the sins wot I know'd of. Steelin' fousls, hookin' nickles outer the contrybushun box, 'propriatin' millyuns wot I'd no legal

rite and titel to, gettin' converted at camp meetin' so as I culd mash wun of them purty sistern, and other offenses too numerickel to menshun, but if this yere cort'll giv this nigger a sho, I'll try to leed a difrent life."

"Prisner, did you ever tak a noose-paper?" sed the Prosercutin' Turney.

"Yes, sar; I'se skribed for the *Christshun Advercate* for 'bout six yares, and I've payed it up in advance for most a yare to cum."

"Bobby, my boy," sed the cort to his rite hand man, "go order the cook, to kill the fatted ram, and prepare a bang up lay out, cos this here cullurd brother is a man, molded after my own hart. Shake, my man," sed he, shovin his rite boney hand to the cullured feller's, "and after we've feested, and viserted my privat opra house, and taken in the new skellyton balley attractshuns, I'll driv yer thru my subteranean domminyuns, fore you tak the xpress

for Skie stashun, and you bet you'll say this here devil aint as bad as he's painted, cos he knoes how to onher a distingushed guest."

Then the seen vanished from my vishun, and I woke up, hollerin with a pane in my programme, and ma had ter get me a dose of brandie and ginger, outer the flask, wot pa carries, when he goes a fishin.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE.—THE ENGAGEMENT.—FIRE
IN THE SHECARGO UNIYUN DEPOT.—A OFFER FROM
JAY GOULD.

THIS mornin noose was sorter dull, so the city edittur sent me down to the Stock Exchange for to write up the anticks of the Bulls and Bares. Wen I got down there I guess the annymiles hadn't got round, but there keepers was purty numerous, and made a good deel more noise than they would theirselves. I was showd up to the visters gallary, so as I culd get a good vue of the fite wot was goin on tween the grangers and coalers. The way they do there fitin puts me in mind of wen we use-ter go to skule, cos they chew up a lot of paper, and make spit balls outer it, and

then paste each other on the eyes with them. Jay Gould is the name of a littel bit of a feller, he aint much in size, but he's hale columby wen it comes rite down to spit ball fites, cos he pasted old Russel Sage and Vandybilt outer ther boots, hittin fare in the eyes every time.

Wen they was gettin purty well tired out, a lot of fellers wot was "hit," cum out, and the other formed rings round them and sung a song wot sounded like it was maid up of five 8s and three 's. I shuld think theyd be ashamed of theirselves, grate big men, spendin there time playin a game wot Boys, as big as me, wuldn't do for a nickel. I seen they was disgracin us, New Yorkers, so I thot it was time to put a stop to it, and bring em down to bisness, so I sung out orful loud :

"Gintelmin: Thurs a big fire in the Uniyun Depot in Sheecargo." Then they all looked up to see who was talkin, and reckernized me, as connected with the

Buster. You'd dide, to see em flyin round ; the fellers wot do the bullin was purty neer crazy, coverin up there stocks, with margin's. Stocks come flyin down, like litenin, and the barish porshun of the compenney, was makin a immense pile of munney. The country lams wot the Bulls and bares had been fleecin, so as there wives, & gals culd have wool enuf, to stuff the footstools with, wot they was makin for Chrissmas boxes, hurd wot I sed, and tumbled to it, and sold all the Western trunk stocks. I didn't say nothing till I seen thay'd got a good deal onter the bulls, then I sung out agen, "Gentelmen, The big fire wot, I sed, was in the Uniyun Depot, at Sheecargo, is still burnin fiercely, in the heeter, wots lokated in the seller."

I didn't wate to say good by, cos the fire-like gleem wot gleemed at me from bout a hundred pares of eyes, boded no good for the *Buster's* devil.

Wen I got back to the offis a note was watin for me, wot red :

DARE DEVIL—You've mistakin your callin. A sensashunalist like yurself order stick to the spesshialty bisness. If you'll quit the noosepaper perfesshun, I'll form a syndycate, and run you as a stock hammerer, and gin you half the profits. Yours very trooly,

GOULD.

I assure you, Mr. Diry, the temptashun was purty strong, but I thot of my integritty and princerples, and rote :

SUR—I prefer my present persisshun of hammerin branes inter the publick to that of hammerin stocks. Not all the syndycates of 'Merica wuld temp me to relinquish my onherabel connecshuns with the *Dailey Buster*.

Yours trooly,

DEVIL.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HE CALLS ON MARIA AND PRONOUNSES HER FRAGRANT.—AT A CHURCH SUPPER.—BENERVOLENSE REWARDED.—A EPPYDEMMICK.

LAST nite I went over to call on Maria. I thot I'd be prepared, so I washed myself in ma's lavender water, and sprinkeled oh de coloney all over my cloes. Wen I nocked at Marias dore, I stepped down off the steps and wated for her appairanse. At last she cum, and blushed up orful wen I ast her if it was all rite. She sed she didnt kno, cos she'd got so used to it she culdnt tell, but she thot it was all rite, cos she'd ben standin 'tween two open winders for the weak, and if it warnt gone by this time, she guest it'd stick to her for life. I walked up a littel closer to her, and sed: "Maria, cum here." She cum, and caushus-

ly and carefully I put my knoes neer her, and sure enuf I culdnt smell nothin but a slite oder of cloride of lime and a lingerin of carbollick acid. Then I kissed her and maid her get fixed up, cos we was goin to report a oyster supper wot cum off at the U. P. Church. Wen Maria and me got there most everybodie had ete there plate of hot water, wot the church wardin'd had settin down on one of the oyster stalls at Fulton Market for bout a weak, so' as it'd inhail a savery flaver. Soon as Maria and me had got thru our plate, the 'xcitement begun, and the ladies all brot round there books for to hav us giv em 10 cents, and put down our names for a chanse in the one lonesum oyster wot the stew had ben maid of. Wen the wimmin had fleeced all the fellers outer every cent they had, and maid em turn there pockets inside out, so as to be sure they warnt tryin to keep back eny five dollar bills, the preecher got up on the platform and draw'd a number out of a

hat full, wot a littel gal held over her hed. 'Fore he red out the number, he called on one of the deecons to offer up a prayer, that the Lord mite open up the hart of the lucky drawer, to donate the oyster to the church, so as they culd hold a nuther supper, without incurrin eny more such 'xtravergant 'xpenses.

Then the minnysteer sed 46 was the number, wot he'd drawed out, and that it stood oppsite Mr. Wylie's name. Now, Mr. Wylie is a orful rich banker, and is always donatin things to the church, so he got rite up and sed, he'd giv it to the good cause.

Then there was some cheerin' and every body crowded round the gasoline stove to wach the cook deposit the oyster in a can, so it culd be stowd away in the Wardins Buggler proof safe. After delvin round the bottom of the pot for sum time the ladel cum up, with its assthetick freight, the black and green speckled tode; wot I'd

slipped inter the stue, wile the prayer was goin up.

Sumthin muster ben Eppydemic in that church, cos everybodie, xceptin me and Maria, got to coffin and spuein up, and prayin Good Lord deliver us.

CHAPTER No. XXX.

THE DEVIL'S OCCUPASHUN GONE.—POLLYTISHUN OR
JURNERLIST.—PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.—ADDYOU.

I AINT no devil no more, cos this mornin Mr. Gilley informed me that I was gettin too big for my persishun, and he'd hired a nuther boy to act as the *Buster's* Devil. He sez I can fule round and act in the cuppaserty of missellaneus reporter, and rite up eny thing I think wurth wile, till it was time for us to go to Albanie and get inaugerated. Then he'd warnt me to act as his Privat Seckertery, cos he knowed I had his interest at hart, and was discrete enuf not to give him away.

I don't kno yet wether I'd better axcept his offer to become a pollytishun, cos I've got my mind set on the jurnerlistick per-

fesshun, and its bout the eesiest way to mak a fortune and a name wot I culd get.

I'll think over the matter, Mr. Dirty, and if I can't get a situashun as a Washinton gossipper or a job on the *Herald*, to rite up the abberiginies of Cannadey, I may go on to Albanie, and rite up all the triks of the pollytishuns, jest to keep myself in pracktiss til we go outer offis.


I must close, Mr. Dirty, cos I'm goin down to the hotel to intervue Curnel Bob. Ingysoll, and see if a feller like me wuldn't stand sum sho to make munny and a big name, if he was to start out as a "genuine devil" brok loose from Haydies.

And you, mister, remember if I ain't no longer a typergraffickal devil,

I still am,

Yours trooly,

GEORGIE.

 ALL who have been interested and amused by reading of the experiences of "The Bad Boy at Home," will be very much more interested in reading "The Bad Boy Abroad." No humorous book ever issued has received the universal commendation which has been freely given this volume. Just read what those who have read it say of it, and if you buy the book and are not satisfied that you have received more than five dollars worth of laughing out of it, let us know and we shall be glad to extend our sympathy.

One reader says of it: "I received the book, and most of my family are killed with laughter over it. Send me another copy at once, as I hope to dispose of the rest of them in the same happy way."

Another says: "I've heard of rail-splitting and side-splitting, but I never experienced splitting in my side till I read your book. It is too comical for anything." It ought to be in the hands of every one that loves fun."

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF IT.

THE BAD BOY ABROAD.—We have just received from the publishers a copy of a book with the above significant title, and which is one of the funniest books ever issued. But it is a mean book, after all. A good old deacon, who had not smiled in fifteen years, called at our office, and we let him see a copy of this new book. He went into laughing hysterics, and had to be conveyed home on a stretcher. As soon as he revives he will commence an action against us for

bodily injury. And we, in turn, shall commence suit against the publishers for leading us into trouble, and a lively time may be expected. If your life is insured, and you want to do your family a great good by giving them a chance to get the insurance money, send for a copy of this book.

ANOTHER EDITOR SAYS OF IT: "It made us laugh till our sides ached and the tears came." Another says: "It will drive the blues out of a bag of indigo. It is worth five dollars, but costs only twenty-five cents." Still another says: "This book is too funny for anything. It is having an immense sale, and it *deserves* it. Every one that enjoys the humorous side of life ought to read this little book."

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GETTIN REDDY.

“SAY, Georgie, I hear the old man’s goin’ to make a trip to Europe.” “When’s he goin to start, eh?”

“Bout a week, Ma’s goin ’long, to keep Pa strate, Ma’s ’frade them French and Spannish gals ’ll be too much for Pa, and as I want to keep fresh, in the langages, I’m goin too, to perform the inturprater act. Say, Jim, Polly vu fransay, we, we, Machair madam, how’s that?”

“Thats the French for, Don’t you wish you was goin with us? Come ’long up to the house, and I’ll give you my box of stubs. Pa says peepel what travils in You-rope, orter smoke pure Havanah Cigars, so I guess I’ll help him use up the 1000 he bort the other day. Pa says, if I’m a good boy, he’ll take me to the Boys-der-Bologna, in Paree, and let me ride a n’ostrich.

You bet I'll be good, and keep an eye on him, cos I hearn him tellin old Col Sparcy, that he used to kno a Spanish Senorita in New York, what was the daisiest kind of a daisy. Now if there's eny sparkin goin on, you bet I'll be there, Jim. I'll rite, and tell you bout everything I seen."

LETTER NO. I.

THE JURNEY ON THE SLEEPER.—YOUR MUNNEY,
GENTS.—JURSEY SKEETERS.—GRAND OPENIN.

GRAND CENTRIL, New York.

DEAR OLD CHUM: Well here we are at the Grand Centril in New York. Pa says if he gets thru this trip, he'll live to be as old as Nebudkaiser, he says he orter sent me to a n'orphun 'sylum, cos I spoil all his pleasure. I guess he's all rite now for I seen him, with one of them actor gals on his knee, down in a Concirt Hall wile Ma was takin a nap. Well you'd dide, if you'd

seen ~~the~~ fat old woman, in the sleeper, jump and holler, when I climed in the rong birth, longside of her. She sung out, "mirder!" and the Corndoctoor pulled the bell rope, and I jumped out in the ile and sed "Your munney gents; here's the James boys!" Pa, he hid his hed under the cloes, but Ma, she knowd my voice, and grabbed hold of me, and I guess I'd got it, if she hadn't ben 'frade of xposin the familee skeleton.

When I got in my own birth I culd'n't sleep a wink, cos there was a old feller in the next birth, a snorin so. I got a fether, out of the piller, and reached over, and tickeled his neck. Well you'd split yourself, if you'd seen him tryin to shoo it off; purty soon he called the porter and arst him if we'd struck New Jursey yet, cos there was the durndest, biggest skeeter knawin at him, that he ever seen, outsider Jursey. I got tired playin skeeter, so I went to get a drink, and found where the

porter kept his blackin, they say oil's good for leather, so I goes to the lady's wash room, and gets the Hare oil bottel, and mixed it up with the blackin. You bet, that darky swett shinin bout 20 pares of shoes. Most everybodie was mad at him in the mornin, and didn't give him a cent. Pa told me to go to his sachel, and give the darky a quarter, so I gave him a 5 dollar gold peice. Pa says charaty is the first of virchews, so I guess I'll be charatabel.

In the mornin we had to side track, neer a pond, so I jumped out, and cot a little bull frog, and put it in the grub basket belongin to the old ladie, what told Ma, she orter make her boy kno his place. I guess the frog knu his place wen she opened the basket, cos you'd thot that car was a grand openin of stripped stockins and 'mbroiderie, wot fules sum wimmin are to jump up on the seets, and hollar, and pull up there skirts, all on account of a little bull frog. We're goin to the theater tonite, and will

sale at 12'clock tomorrer. I feel like a
saler allreddy.

Yours in New York,

GEORGIE.

LETTER NO. II.

CAVOORTIN LANKEY LILLIE.—HIS MA IN A 'MBAR-
RISIN POSISHSHUN.—FIRE IN 44.—ONHEST NEW
YORKERS.—ALL ABORD.

STEEMER SERVIA, Jursey City.

LAND LUBBER JIM: I take the chanse
fore we start to rite you a line or two. To
begin with, Pa & Ma & me went to the
show, and seen a woman what called her-
self Mrs. Lankey Lillie, cavoortin round
the staige showin her ankels, what was like
her name, & tryin to pass herself off as a
perfesshunal buty, wen her face culd'n't
hold a candel to our teecher's. Pá said he
could count, more'an hundred purtier
ankels, eny muddy day on Euclid Avenew.
I kinder tired on the show, & I cot a fel-

ler tryin to flirt with a gal in front of me, so I rote a billett ducks tellin him I was ded struck after him, and I handed it to him tellin him that the gal in front had told me to. He ansered it & give me half a dollar, and wen the bissness was out, you'd berried yourself if youd seen that gals husband, nock him sprawlin, when he arst to see her home. It was purty late wen we got back to the hotel, Pa had to see a man, so Ma & me went up to our room. Gee Wiz! but they do put on stile in New York. Ma got off her things, & was puttin the creme on her face what, she says, she uses for pimpels, and I was takin in the fixtures, wen I run 'cross a bord with a lot of wite nobbs on it; I run my hand 'long it, and purty soon a darky bust into the room and says; "Here's your water, 'mam." Ma, she got as red as a peonee, and then the chambermade come runnin in, and went for Ma, & sed the sheets was clene, & good enuf for her. Ma

told her the sheets was all rite, and was jest gettin into bed, wen the feller, what wares the big diemond, shoved his hed in the door and hollered, "What trane do you warnt to go on?" Ma blushed, & sed she did'n't warnt to go on eny trane, and wen I arst him wot the bord, with them nobbs was for, he sed, "durn you, it was you rung 44."

Ma succeeded in gettin into bed, and I took off my cote & vest, & hung 'em, on a close hook, by the bed, &, in less than a secund, more'an a hundred bells was ringin, and peepel was shoutin "Fire," and Ma and me rushed out to see where it was. The Hall was full of men & wimmin in there nite gownds, and purty soon a couple of darkies come 'long with a xtingusher, and sung out, "Fire in 44," and squirted a narsty smellin stuff, all over Ma & me. Wen they found out there warn't no fire, they was goin to throw me outer the win-der. Ma had to borrer one of Pa's nite

gownds, to sleep in, cos her's was all wet. Pa says he'd ship me home by xpress if I was wurth payin the charges.

About ten this mornin, we took the bus & druv down past the Brooklyn & New York bridge, to the Ferry bote. You orter seen the bridge, its more'an 20 times as big as the Vidict. Pa says there's 15 millyuns of munney in it. New Yorkers must be orful onhest, to let it stay there. You bet it would'n't stay there long, if Pa & our minister, lived in New York. Soon as we got on the ferry bote to go to Jursey city, Pa begun to blow bout his being such a saler, wen he was a boy. He's been round the Horn more'an a dozen times, & never knowd wot it was to be seesick. Wen we got aboard here, the captin he was orful good to me, and patted me on the hed, & sed I was a good little boy, & promised to show me the compass, in the barnacle, & let me take the son, with the sexton. We're goin to start in 10 minutes.

Your saler frend, **GEORGIE.**

•

LETTER NO. III.

HIS PA IS TO BE TAMED—THE INISHIASHUN.—OH!
THEM HARD EGGS!—YARNIN.—KEEP HER DUE SOW
YEAST.

AT SEA, Steamer Servia.

DARE JIM—I guess now the Captin wishes he hadn't been so familyur, with me, wen we first got acquainted. He says it was a case of Mrs. Placed conferdense. We got underway 'bout noon, & steemed down the harber. Pa was feelin purty good, I guess, cos there's a cuppel of singel wimmin aboard, and Ma had a headache so she went b'low. I told them wimmin that Pa was a Cleveland millyun hair, and a reg'lar woman hater, and they said they'd tame him, 'fore we crossed the brine. Pa likes to lalligag the gals, wen Ma aint round.

Wen we got outside Sandy's Hook, the Steemer begun playin see-saw, & purty soon I noticed Pa's gills turn witish lookin, and

I went up to the poop, where he was talkin to them wimmim & says :—" Are you getting seesick alreddy ?" He sed he felt a trifle bileyus, and had'n't found his see legs yet. I noticed a madin ladie lookin sort of pitiful at Pa, so I went & arst her if she'd seen enything of Pa's see lim-a-legs, (Ma says I should'n't say legs in the presence of lady's) and she blushed and sed, " the poor, dare man, has he lost them." I guess the bile got kinder restless in Pa's stummack, for purty soon, he leened over the railin, & them wimmin laffed, & sed he was payin his inishiashun fee to old Nepshun. I think old Nep inishiated lots cos most every bodie done like Pa.

There was one old man, with his head berried in a curspadoor singin out " Oh ! Oh !" I arst him what was the matter & he sed " Oh, them hard eggs ! them hard eggs !" So I went down to the cabin and got that littel chick Ma give me last Easter, and wen he was'n't lookin I dropped it in

the cusspadoor, then I got him sum warm water & he throwed up a norful lot, & cot site of the chick & sung out:—"Jumpin




"DURN ME IF I DIDN'T SWALLER A HOLE CHICKEN!"

Jehosifut! durn me if I didn't swaller a hole chicken, wen I eat them durn eggs at the Brunswick this mornin."

When the gong rung for supper, every

one, exceptin the madin ladee & them wimmin what's goin to tame Pa, sed they was'n't hungry, so I galavanted them three down. I think the're all sweet on me, espescially the madin ladee, the way she hugged me the other day, abaft the weel-house, wen no one was lookin, I felt orful sorry, wen she went sprawlin on the taller, what I rubbed on the step, to trip the cockney waiter wen he had a trayful of dishes.

After supper I went down to the fore-castel, and hearn the saler spinnin yarns. I used to think Jona's wale had a norful big belly, but it warn't nowhere longside of the one out in the South Sees what one of them fellers sed he seen swaller a hole canoe full of niggers & had to go ashore and spuciem up, cos he warnt used to such strong meet. Another feller told, bout wen he was on Hermageisteys "Hells-corn" up in the Artic See, how a wale  Hermageistey's ship, and stove in

her sturn, and got stuck there and swum the vessel 60 miles an hour, 'till she was beeched at Bombay, wen they had to get 40 Lphants, to get the wale out & then he was ded drunk, cos he'd broke into the Officers wine room and swallered all the bottels.

Wen they got tired yarnin, & got into the meel sacks what they have strung up on a cuppel of hooks, and sleep in, I slipped up on deck; and sung out. "8 Bills, Starbird wach on deck." You'd dide to see them fellers jump up and run aft & report to the Captin, "All on deck." The Captin say's, you dumb fools, its only two bills, on your wach b'low, and then they went round lookin for that cussed little Yankee boy to douse him in the slush barr'l, but, you bet, he warnt round nowhere.

In the mornin the water was smoothe'r'n ice, and most everybody had got rid of there bile, & there was'n't a thing in site

but water. About 8 o'clock, the Capen took me up on the bridge, and show'd me how to box the compass, and, wen he warnt lookin, I shoved a needel at the W., and the pint of that compass come round flyin. Soon as the Captin looked at it, he got orful mad and yelled out cuss words, thru the speekin tube, at the Quarter's marster in the weelhouse. Wen I arst him what maid it fly round wen I put the needel in he laffed & sed; "it was you, was it." Then he hollered thru the speekin tube; "Keep her due Nor Yeast." Wen I arst him what Nor was, he sed Nor was short for North, & Sow was short for South, and then he went b'low, to figure his ded recknin. I think it was orful meen of him tellin Pa, I was the baddest boy he'd ever set his two eyes on, jest cos I told the speekin tube to "keep her due Sow Yeast." It was'n't my falt, for if the Captin had'n't been makin love to the ladee, whats got the pugged nosed poodel, he'd found out

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